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ENGLISCH PORTS

By Joseph Meyer

Vol. I

Vienna

Printed for Thomas Tschupp

MCCCLXVI

CHOICE

Of the best poetical pieces of the most eminent

ENGLISCH POETS:

P u b l i s h e d

By Joseph Retzer.

V o l. V.

Vienna

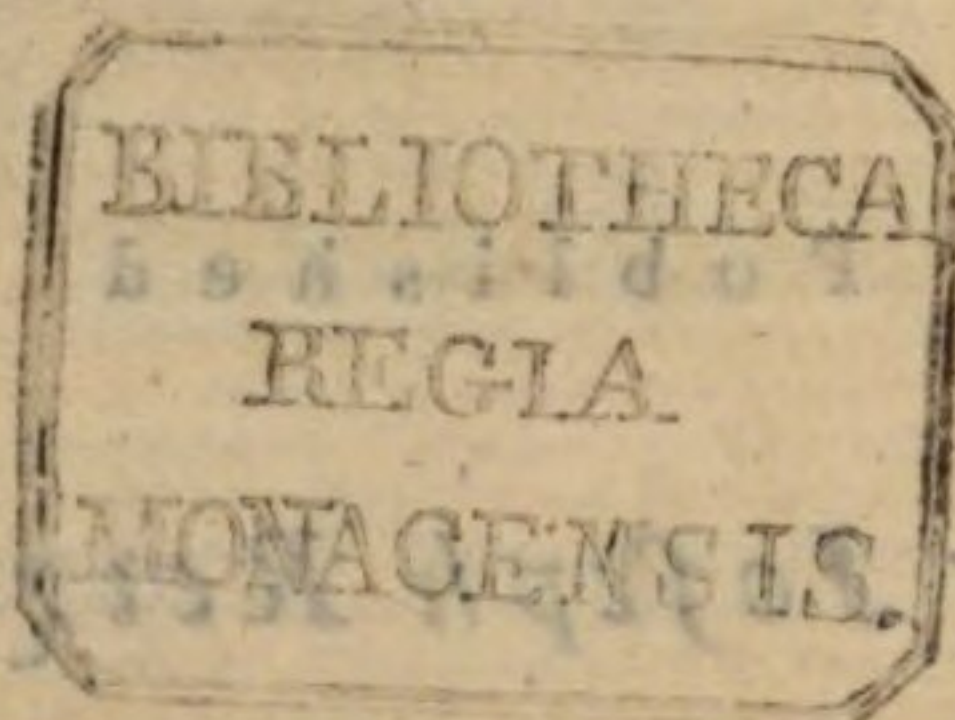
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MDCCLXXXVI.

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Of the best poetical pieces of the most eminent

ENGLISH POETS



Vol. V.

Vindob.

Printed for Thomas Tait.

MDCCLXXVI.

F e r n e y. *)

An Epistle to Mr. de Voltaire.

W hile manly praise th'historic wreath bestows,
And beauty's sorrows grace thy fabled woes,
While ardent youth and well-instructed age
Alike confess the wonders of thy page,
Shall these intruding lines the Poet greet,
And pierce the shades, that guard his calm retreat,
That calm retreat, his happier taste improv'd,
Those attic bow'rs, by ev'ry Muse belov'd,
Where native roses blooming Genius sheds,
Where rural elegance a carpet spreads,
Where art, with sweet simplicity combin'd,
Shines the fair emblem of the Planter's mind?

*) Ferney, a chateau and gardens, erected and laid out by Mr. de Voltaire in the neighbour-hood of Geneva, which commands the variety of prospect, mentioned in the beginning of this poem.

While o'er the distant scene, stretch'd to the skies,
 Earth's giant offspring to the fight arise,
 The tow'ring alps uprear their stately mound,
 And shapeless piles th'extended prospect bound.

Here, join'd in Nature's beauteous landscape, see
 The endless charms of wild variety.

The harvests wave, the purple vineyards glow,
 Or trackless mountains heave their load of snow:
 Their tops unseen in thick'ning air they shroud,
 And mix their fleeces with each passing cloud.
 Rocks, far remov'd, in savage greatness rise,
 Like rough-hewn columns, to support the skies.
 Cool slope the vales, wide spread the mantling woods:
 Bright shine the streams, that reek the distant floods.
 Here a small Ocean's peaceful waters sleep *),
 Their raving torrents emulate the deep **).
 Unnumber'd villas smile on ev'ry side,
 The seats of prudence, unimpair'd by pride:
 No spot neglected, where the grateful soil
 Can pay with rich increase the peasant's toil.
 Content and Peace fix here their prosp'rous reign,
 And silent Liberty defends the plain.

* The lake of Geneva.

** The Rhone and the Arve, which unite just below the
 lake.

'Midst Scenes, like these, the friend of human kind
 Can range the vast of science unconfin'd,
 For distant flights can wing th'excurfive soul,
 Or glance with light'ning's speed from pole to pole,
 Whether thro' Nature's devious paths he strays,
 Pursues the Planet's course, the Comet's blaze,
 Or less advent'rous, quits th'aërial height,
 To fix on mortal woes a mortal's fight,
 Strip the bar'd heart of each dark veil, it wears,
 Expose its hopes, its conflicts and its cares,
 By bold examples fire the youthful blood,
 Appal the wicked, or confirm the good,
 Submit each dang'rous wish to reason's laws,
 And arm our passions in our virtue's cause. —

While views like these, Voltaire, thy bosom warm,
 The shades of solitude have pow'r to charm.
 From courts withdrawn, where'er thy foot-steps bend,
 The train, thou lov'st, a faithful train attend:
 Swift at the beckning of thy magic hand
 They come, and Nancy leads th'ideal band.
 Wit's lighter offspring seeks the sunny glade,
 While Satire skulks behind th'obscurer shade.
 Near him his sister, comic maid, is seen,
 Who checks with laughing eyes his rigid mien:
 Combin'd, o'er worlds an empire they maintain,
 And ev'ry vice and folly wears their chain.

Th' heroic Muse majestic sweeps along *),
 And thoughtful meditates her lofty song:
 Unroll'd she bears on high fame's bright record,
 And marks the deeds of Gallic Henry's sword **).

See too, Voltaire, what wonders meet thine eyes!
 Behold, where palaces and temples rise,
 Where wak'd by thee, by thee conven'd to fame,
 The mighty dead their ancient semblance claim,
 Where laurel'd chiefs, where awful sages move,
 And transient monarchs dignify the grove!

Lo! there that bane of freedom, love and truth,
 The dire seraglio barr'd on Zara's youth ***)!
 Too soon shall fate a brother lost restore,
 And claim the parent, who shall chide no more. —
 Yet will not chance at last her hopes befriend,
 And happier hours the close of life attend?
 For her the mosque its thousand lamps displays,

*) In about a year and a half Voltaire had made himself master of our language, and in 1727. he published the Essay on the civil wars of France, with an Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European nations from Homer to Milton. S. Swift's Lettres Vol. 2d. pag. 269.

**) The Henriade.

***) Zayre.

For her the crown prepares its regal blaze,
 For her with gems resplendent flames the throne,
 And crowding millions wait for her alone —
 They wait in vain! — no queen shall greet their eyes;
 Beneath Suspicion's frantic steel she dies,
 While pausing o'er the wound, his madness gave,
 The gen'rous prince rejoins her in the grave.

There good Alvarez' son *), by death reprov'd,
 Restores Alzira to her first belov'd,
 By one great act redeems his errors past,
 And owns, his noblest triumphs were his last.

What proud assembly throngs yon hallow'd do-
 me **)?
 Why nods the sculptur'd roof? why shakes the tomb?
 What daring form the bounds of death has crost?
 What great event demands that sceptred ghost?
 It speaks — oh, veil thy terrors, awful shade,
 And join in long repose the glorious dead!
 Obey'd already see thy dire command!
 Behold thy son in speechless horror stand!
 On that drear vault his blasted sight he bends,
 Whence pale in death Semiramis ascends. —
 Attend, ye pitying Magi, hide the scene,

*) Alzire.

**) Semiramis.

Hide the last conflicts of a murder'd queen!
 Oh, bid the guiltless youth's distraction cease,
 And close his wretched mothers eyes in peace!

Behold the North its barb'rous legions pour *)!
 Fate heads their march, and China is no more.
 What passions Zamti's rev'rend bosom shake,
 Who combats Nature, while his heart-strings break?
 Tho' down his cheek parental sorrows roll,
 Confucius' morals fix his patriot soul:
 Invain his wife, his lov'd Idame, brings
 A claim, that mocks the feebler claim of kings;
 In honour firm, he seeks his country's good,
 And yields the son's, to save the prince's blood.

Ill-fated Herod **), spar'd by haughty Rome,
 To meet thy sum of wretchedness at home!
 Happy, had Cæsar's arm withheld thy right,
 Or hurl'd thee headlong from Ambition's height!
 No more in smiles thy faded cheek is drest;
 Despair and jealous Rage usurp thy breast.
 Go, tyrant, seek thy martyr'd queen invain,
 While madness tells thee, that she lives again!
 Still, still thy thoughts her injur'd worth pursue,
 Her matchless beauty rises still to view.

*) L'Orphelin de la Chine.

**) Mariamne.

Such worth, such beauty thou shalt long deplore;
For know, fond prince, the dead return no more.

Hark! whence the groans, that pierce yon cloi-
ster's round *)?

Death, agonizing death is in the sound.

'Tis Mecca's chief — I know the hoary sage —
That faithful barrier 'gainst Mohammed's rage,
Who long Religion's, Virtue's champion stood,
Now salt'ring marks each painful step with blood. —
Too strong the fleeting soul's convulsive strife!
Too swift the streams, that drain the fount of life!
He sinks — and, harder fate! — survives, to know,
His own misguided offspring dealt the blow.

Lo! where Messene's captive queen **) appears,
Serene in grief, magnificent in tears!
Haste, Poliphontes! haste, the shrine's prepar'd!
Goo, meet the fatal, but the just reward,
Thy ripen'd crimes demand! — Not Hymen now,
But Death entwines the chaplet for thy brow.
Thy prince has burst his prison's dark abodes,
He shines confess't the son of grecian gods:
To peaceful rites the shouts of war succeed,
Egyptus conquers, and the guilty bleed:

*) Le Fanatisme, ou Mahomet.

**) Merope.

Foremost th'oppressor meets th'avenging blow,
And Furies howl his nuptial song below.

But soft awhile! — The tranquil scene disowns
The pride of empire now, the pomp of thrones.
Behold uprear'd before yon rustic bow'rs,
A shrine of moss, with intermingled flow'rs,
And thither led, to seal their plighted truth,
An exil'd virgin and a scythian youth *)!
Yet ere the bride concludes th'ill-omen'd rite,
Her once-lov'd Persian flashes on her sight. —
Return, unconscious prince, where glory calls!
Go, seek Ecbatana's deserted walls!
To courts, where pleasures lead their train, return,
Ere Scythia's echoes learn from thee too mourn!
Pass one short hour — the cruel task is thine,
To part those hands, which willing parents join,
To fix a blameless pair's eternal doom,
And change their festive altar to their tomb.

Tho' forms, like these, Voltaire, around thee
rove,
And haunt the limits of thy magic grove,
Such fights alone poetic eyes can share;
Viewless they mock the vulgar gaze with air.
With careless thoughts let others range the glade,
Ascend the slope, or pierce the verdant shade,

*) Les Scythes.

Thro' parted woods the wand'ring streams pursue
 And mountains, fading to aërial blue!
 To charm their sense, let scenes like these combine!
 To wake the dead, and talk with kings, is thine.

Some fav'ring Planet grac'd his natal morn,
 Whose mind the Muses with each grace adorn.
 In all his paths they strew fresh-op'ning flowers,
 Fresh bloom for him imagination's bow'rs:
 To pleasures there from anxious life he runs,
 Forgets its sorrows, and its tumult shuns.
 By some lov'd object while his soul is caught,
 Indulging all the luxury of thought,
 He peoples deserts, ranges worlds unknown,
 And bids arise creations of his own.
 Enamour'd still of Nature's glowing theme,
 Entranc'd by Fancy's ever-flatt'ring dream,
 Thro' all her visionary realms he flies,
 And wakes, to meet—life's dull realities.

Yet why to Learning's walks thy steps confine?
 The paths of social gaiety are thine,
 Thine sprightly wit, thine elegance and ease,
 With ev'ry art, with ev'ry wish to please. —
 But plac'd by Fate on Britain's distant shore,
 I talk of pleasures, I can share no more.
 Yet shall their fond impression ne'er depart:
 Their fix'd record within a grateful heart

In mem'ry's characters shall stand confest,
Which time retracing deepens in my breast.

Say, why, reproachful to a polish'd age,
Ungen'rous contests should the learn'd engage?
The bards of ancient days bade discord cease,
The Muse's sons were still the sons of peace:
With olive-crown'd, to Virtue's cause confin'd,
In social bands the blameless minstrels join'd. —
Now chang'd the scene. — With poets poets jar,
And waste Parnassus is the field of war.

Yes! jealous wits may still for empire strive,
Still keep the flames of critic rage alive:
Our Shakespeare yet shall all his rights maintain,
And crown the triumphs of Eliza's reign.
Above controul, above each classic rule,
His tutress Nature, and the world his school,
On daring pinions borne, to him was giv'n
Th' aerial range of Fancy's brightest heav'n,
To aid rapt thought o'er noblest heights aspire,
And wake each passion with a Muse of fire. —
Revere his genius — to the dead be just,
And spare the laurels, that o'ershade the dust!
Low sleeps the bard, in cold obstruction laid,
Nor asks the chaplet from a rival's head.
O'er the drear vault, Ambition's utmost bound,
Unheard shall Fame her airy trumpet sound:

Unheard alike, nor grief, nor transport raise
 Thy blast of censure, or thy note of praise.
 As Raphael's own creation grac'd his hearse *),
 And sham'd the pomp of ostentatious verse,
 Shall Shakespeare's honours by himself be paid,
 And Nature perish, ere his pictures fade. —

Thou too, sweet Ferney, shalt preserve a name,
 And boast like Tempe's vale eternal fame:
 In ages hence thy groves will still be known;
 The Nine have blest and mark'd them for their own.
 At their intreaty, Time (whose vengeful hand
 No frail memorials, rais'd by men, withstand,
 Whose ruthless eye beholds with like disdain
 The low-brow'd cottage and the tow'ring fane)
 His friendly wings around these bow'rs shall cast,
 Protect their shades, and bid their beauties last.
 To these its praise Egeria's grot shall yield,
 Alcinous' gardens and th' Ennaean field,
 No more Adonis' fabled rites be paid,
 But poets pass the quite-forgotten shade.

*) The Transfiguration, that well-known picture of Raphael, was carried before his body to the grave, doing more real honour to his memory, than either his Epitaph in the Pantheon, the famous Distich of Cardinal Bembo, or all the other adulatory verses, written on the same occasion.

As he, whose steps to these fair climes are led,
 Where smiling Naples rears her stately head,
 Ascends the cliff, where Nature's grateful hands
 Have plac'd the laurel, Virgil's fame demands,
 Eager, to view the mould'ring walls, that guard
 The sacred ashes of th' immortal bard,
 In years remote thus wand'ring from his home,
 To seek thee, Ferney, shall the stranger come.
 But while thy scenes his roving eyes employ,
 Sad thoughts shall rise, and cloud his dawning joy:
 Sighing, perhaps, he'll say — „The great Voltaire*)
 „Once plann'd these walks, and made their shades
 his care. —

„Yet far sublimer tasks his genius knew;
 „'Twas his, to grace the cheek with pity's dew,

*) Delighted Nature saw with partial care
 The lively vigour of the gay Voltaire,
 And fondly gave him, with Anacreon's fire
 To throw the hand of age across the lyre.
 But mute that vary'd voice, which pleas'd so long:
 Th'Historian's tale is clos'd, the Poet's song.
 Within the narrow tomb behold him lie,
 Who fill'd so large a space in learning's eye?
 Thou mind unwearied! thy long toils are o'er;
 Censure and praise can touch thy ear no more:
 Still let me breathe with just regret thy name,
 Lament thy foibles, and thy powers proclaim.

„ To slumbring conscience found the dread alarm,
 „ Or pour in Virtue's praise th' harmonious charm. —
 „ 'Twas thus, his ripen'd taste, his feeling heart
 „ Embellish'd Nature, and ennobled Art! “

Keate.

On the wide sea of letters 'twas thy boast,
 To croud each sail, and touch at every coast:
 From that rich deep how often hast thou brought
 The pure and precious pearls of spendid thought!
 How didst thou triumph on that subject-tide,
 Till Vanity's wild gust and stormy Pride
 Drove thy strong bark, in evil hour to split
 Upon the fatal rock of impious wit
 But be thy failings cover'd by thy tomb,
 And guardian laurels o'er thy ashes bloom!
 From the long annals of the world thy art
 With chemic process drew the richer part,
 To Hist'ry gave a philosophic air,
 And made the interest of mankind her care,
 Pleas'd, her grave brow with garlands to adorn,
 And from the rose of knowledge strip the thorn.

Hayley's Essay on History. Epistle the 2d.

*In all my inquiries and disquisitions concerning
 the progress of government, manners, litera-
 ture and commerce during the middle ages, as*

S o n g.

I told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few,
While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

well as in my delineations of the political constitution of the different states of Europe at the opening of the sixteenth century, I have not once mentioned M. de Voltaire, who, in his Essay sur l'histoire generale, has reviewed the same period, and has treated of all these subjects. This does not proceed from inattention to the works of that extraordinary man, whose genius, no less enterprizing than universal, has attempted almost every different species of literary composition. In many of these he excels. In all, if he had left religion untouched, he is instructive and agreeable. But as he seldom imitates the modern historians in citing the authors, from whom they derived their information, I could not, with propriety, appeal to his authority in confirmation of any doubtful or unknown fact. I have often, however, followed him as my guide

Of crops, destroy'd by vernal cold,
 And vagrant sheep, that left my fold,
 Of these she heard, yet bore to hear,
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
 The friends, I lov'd, became unkind,
 She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear,
 And is not Flavia then sincere?

guide in these researches, and he has not only pointed out the facts with respect to which it was of importance to inquire, but the conclusions which it was proper to draw from them. If he had, at the same time, mentioned the books, which relate these particulars, a great part of my labour would have been unnecessary, and many of his readers, who now consider him only as an entertaining and lively writer, would find, that he is a learned and well-informed historian.

Robertson's History of the Reign of the Emperor

Charles V. Pag. 392, 393. Vol. I. 4to.

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
 My Flavia must not hope for drefs,
 This too she heard, and smil'd to hear,
 And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go, shear your flocks, ye jovial fwains,
 Go, reap the plenty of your plains!
 Despoil'd of all, which you revere,
 I know my Flavia's love sincere.

Shenstone.

P r o l o g u e
 to the Comedy: the Knights.

Happy my Muse, had she first turn'd her art
 From humour's dangerous path, to touch the heart!
 They, who in all the bluster of blank verse
 The mournful tales of love and war rehearse,
 Are sure, the critic's censure to escape;
 You hiss not heroes now, you only — gape,
 Nor (strangers quite to heroes, kings and queens)
 Dare you intrude your judgment on their scenes.
 A different lot the comic Muse attends;

She is oblig'd, to treat you with your friends,
 Must search the court, the forum and the city,
 Mark out the dull, the gallant and the witty,
 Youth's wild profusion, th'avarice of age,
 Nay, bring the pit itself upon the stage.
 First to the bar she turns her various face:
 Hem, my Lord, I am council in this case,
 And if so be, your Lordship should think fit,
 Why to be sure, my client must submit;
 For why, because — then off she trips again,
 And to the sons of commerce shifts her scene:
 There, whilst the gripping fire with mopeing care
 Defrauds the world, himself, t'enrich his heir,
 The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
 For thousands frows a main at Covent-Garden.
 These are the portraits, we're oblig'd to show:
 You all are judges, if they're like or no.
 Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try,
 And grace our future scenes with novelty.
 I have a plan, to treat you with Burletta,
 That cannot miss your taste, mia Spilletta.
 But should the following piece your mirth excite,
 From Nature's volume we'll persist to write.
 Your partial favour bad us first proceed:
 Then spare th'offender, since you urg'd the deed.

Foot.

William and Margaret.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet,
Inglided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe, that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That tips the silver-dew:
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

Awake! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight-grave:
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus'd to save!

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain,
 When yawning graves give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath,
 And give me back my maiden-vow,
 And give me back my troth!

Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep?
 Why did you swear, my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say, my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake?
 How could you win my virgin-heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say, my leap was swear,

And made the scarlet pale?

And why did I, young witlefs maid,

Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,

Those lips no longer red:

Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,

And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my fister is:

This winding sheet I wear,

And cold and weary lasts our night,

Till that last morn appear.

But hark, the cock has warn'd me hence:

A long and late adieu!

Come, see, false man, how low she lies,

Who dy'd for love of you!

The lark sung loud, the morning smil'd

With beams of rosy red:

Pale William quak'd in every limb,

And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
 Where Margaret's body lay,
 And stretch'd him on the grafs - green turf,
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Magaret's name,
 And thrice he wept full fore,
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more *).

Mallet.

* In a comedy of Fletcher, called: *The knight of the Burning - pestle*, old Merrythought enters repeating the following verses:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 Incame Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known at the time, when that author wrote, and is all of it, I believe, that is anywhere to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy, and bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly,

Admiral Hofier's Ghost.

As near Porto - Bello lying
On the gentle swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode,
There, while Vernon fate, all-glorious
From the Spaniards late defeat,
And his crews with shouts victorious
Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden shrilly founding
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard:
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghost's appeared.
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding - sheets they wore,

gave birth to the foregoing poem, which was written many years ago.

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the works of Vincent Bourne.

And with looks, by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His bale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their watry grave:
O'er the glimmering wave he lay'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, o heed our fatal story!
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost.
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place, where I was lost,
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears?

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastrly o'er this hated wave,

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping!

These where English captains brave.

Mark those numbers pale and horrid!

Those were once my sailors bold.

Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,

While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sails attended,

Did this Spanish town affright:

Nothing then its wealth defended,

But my orders, not to fight.

O! that in this rolling ocean

I had cast them with disdain,

And obey'd my heart's warm motion,

To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,

But with twenty ships had done,

What thou, brave and happy Vernon,

Hast atchiev'd with fix alone:

Then the bastimentos never

Had our foul dishonour seen,

Nor the sea the sad receiver

Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons lending home,
 Though, condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a traitor's doom,
 To have fal'n, my country crying:
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far, than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail:
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hofier's wrongs prevail!
 Sent in this foul clime, to languish,
 Think, what thousands fell in vain,
 Wafted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain!

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:
 Here the bastimentos viewing,
 We recall our shameful doom,

And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight - gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returnig,
You neglect my just request:
After this proud foe subduing
When your patriot friends you see,
Think of vengeance for my ruin,
And for England, sham'd in me!

*Glover. *)*

To Apollo, making love.

I am (cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd,
When his wisdom in manner most ample exprest
The long list of the graces, his godship possrest)
Pan the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays:
Nor for lays, nor sweet song the fair fugitive stays.

*) Author of Leonidas.

O'er craggy mountains and thro' flow'ry meads,
 Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
 Or form some image of his cruel fair.
 Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
 O'er these he fled, and now approaching near,
 Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
 Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
 Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
 Though unsuccessful, was not sung invain:
 All but the nymph, that should redress his wrong,
 Attend his passion, and approve his song.
 Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
 He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

Waller.

Man's misfortune,^{*} or the modern fine
 Lady. *)

False rumps — false teeth — false hair — false faces —
 Alas, poor man! how hard thy case is!
 Instead of woman, heav'nly woman's charms
 To clasp cork, gum, wool, varnish in thy arms!

*) London Chronicle 1776.

To Mr. S. Tucker.

The sons of man, by various passions led,
 The paths of bus'ness or of pleasure tread:
 The florist views his dear carnation rise,
 And wonders, who can doat on Flavia's eyes:
 The lover fees, unmov'd, each gaudy streak,
 And knows no bloom, but that on Daphne's cheek:
 While some grow pale o'er Newton, Locke or Boyle,
 Miss reads romances and Mylady Hoyle.
 Thus inclination binds her fetters strong,
 And just as judgement marks, we're right or wrong.

Fair are those hills, where sacred laurels grow,
 Rul'd by the pow'r, who draws the golden bow:
 But see, how few attain the dangerous road,
 How few are born, tho feel th'inspiring god!
 Yet all, to reach the arduous summit, try,
 From soaring Pope to reptile Ogleby.
 Among the rest your friend attempts to climb,
 But ah! how diff'rent poesy and rhyme!

The mid-night-bard, reciting to his bell,
 Who breaks our rest, and tolls the Muses knell,
 Is just a poet matchless and divine,
 As he a Raphael, who on ale-house sign
 Seads his bold George in attitude so quaint,
 That none can tell the dragon from a saint.

Reckon each sand in wide Newmarket-plain,
Mount yon blue vault, and count the stary train,
But numbers ne'er can comprehend the throng
Of retail-dealers in the art of song.
Like summer-flies they blot the solar ray,
And, like their brother-insects, live a day:
Am I not blasted by some friendless star,
To know my wants, yet wage unequal war?
I own, I am, and dabbling thus in rhyme,
'Tis folly's bell, that rings the pleasing chyme:
Bit by the bard's tarantula, I swell,
Write off the raging fit, and all is well.
And yet perhaps to lose my time this way,
Is better far, than some mispend the day.
The fatal dice-box never fill'd my hand,
By me no orphan weeps his ravish'd land:
What ward can tax me with a deed unjust?
What friend upbraids me with a broken trust?
Some few except, whom pride and folly blind,
I found them chaff, and give them to the wind.
Like a poor bird, and one of meanest wing,
Around my cage I flutter, hop and sing.
Unlike in this my brethren of the bays;
I sue for pardon, and they hope for praise,
And when for verse I find my genius warm,
Like infants sent to school, I keep from harm.

What

What time the dog-star with unbatting flames
 Cleaves the parch'd earth, and sinks the silver-
 Thames,
 While the shrill tenant of the sun-burnt blade,
 (A poet he, and fingering all his trade)
 Tears his small throat, I brave the sultry ray,
 And deep-embower'd, escape the rage of day.
 Thrice blest'd the man, who, shielded from the beam,
 Sings lays melodious to the sacred stream!
 Thrice blest'd the stream, who views his banks of
 flow'rs
 Crown'd with the Muse's or imperial tow'rs,
 Whose limpid waters, as they onwards glide,
 See humble osiers nod, or threat'ning squadrons
 ride!

Health to my friend and to his partner peace,
 A good long life and moderate increase!
 May Dulwich-garden double treasures share,
 And be both Flora's and Pomona's care!
 Ye Walton-Naiads, guard the fav'rite child,
 Drive off each marsh-born fog! ye Zephyrs mild,
 Fan the dear innocent! ye Fairies, keep
 Your wonted distance, nor disturb his sleep,
 Nor in the cradle, while your tricks you play,
 The changeling drop, and bear our boy away!
 However chance may chalk his future fate,

Or doom his manhood, to be rich or great,
Is not our care: oh, let the guiding pow'r
Decide that point, who rules the natal hour.
Nor shall we seek, for knowledge to enrich,
The Delphic tripod or our Norwood-witch.

But Tucker doubts, and „if not rich,“ he cries,
„How can the boy reward the good and wise?
Give him but gold, and merit ne'er shall freeze,
But rise from want to affluence and ease.
The Guido's touch shall warm his throbbing heart,
The patriot's bust shall speak the sculptor's art:
But if from Danae's precious show'r debarr'd,
The Muse he may admire, but ne'er reward!“

All this I grant, but does it follow then,
That parts have drawn regard from wealthy men?
Did Gay receive the tribute of the great?
No, let his tomb be witness of his fate;
For Milton's days are too long past to strike:
The rich of all times ever were alike.

See him, whose lines „in a fine frenzy roll!“
He comes to tear, to harrow up the soul.
Bear me, ye pow'rs, from his bewitching sprite!
My eye-balls darken at excess of light.
How my heart dances to his magic strain,
Beats my quick pulse, and throbs each bursting vein!
From Avons bank, with ev'ry garland crown'd,

'Tis his to rouse, to calm, to cure, to wound,
To mould the yielding bosom to his will,
And Shakespeare is inimitable still.
Oppress'd by fortune, all her ills he bore :
Hear this, ye Muses, and be vain no more!

Nor shall my Spenser want his share of praise:
The heav'n-sprung sisters wove the laureat's bays.
Yet what avail'd his sweet descriptive pow'r,
The fairy warrior, or enchanted bow'r?
Tho' matchless Sidney doated on the strain,
Lov'd by the learned shepherd of the main,
Observe, what meed his latest labour's crown'd:
Belphebe smil'd not; and stern Burleigh frown'd.
If still you doubt, consult some well-known friend,
Let Ellis speak! to him you oft attend.
Whom truth approves, whom candor calls her own,
Known by the God, by all the Muses known,
Where tow'r his hills, where stretch his lengths o
vare,
Say, where his heifers load the smoaky pail?
Oh, may this grateful verse my debt repay!
If aught I know, he shew'd the arduous way,
Within my bosom fann'd the rising flame,
Plum'd my young wing, and bad me try for fame.
Since then I scribbled, and must scribble still;
His word was once a sanction to my will,

And I'll persist, till he resume the pen,
Then shrink contented, and ne'er rhyme again.

Yet, ere I take my leave, I have to say,
That, while in sleep my senses wasted lay,
The waking foul, which sports in fancy's beam,
Work'd on my drowsy limbs, and form'd a dream,
Then to my lines a due attention keep;
For oft, when poets dream, their readers sleep.

On a wide champain, where the surges beat
Th'extended beach, then suddenly retreat,
A dismal cottage rear'd its turfy head,
O'er which a yew her baleful branches spread.
The owl profane his dreadful dirges sung,
The passing bell the foul night-raven rung:
No village-cur here bay'd the cloudless moon,
No golden sunshine chear'd the hazy noon,
But ghosts of men, by love of gold betray'd,
In silence glided thro' the dreary shade.
There sat pale Grief in melancholy state,
And brooding Care was trusted with the gate:
Within, extended on the cheerless ground,
An old man lay in golden fillet bound.
Rough was his beard, and matted was his hair,
His eyes were fiery red, his shoulders bare:
Down furrow'd cheeks hot tears had worn their way,
And his broad scalp was thinly strew'd with grey.

A weighty ingot in his hand he prest,
Nor seem'd, to feel the viper at his breast.

Around the caitif, glorious to behold,
Lay minted coinage and historic gold,
High - sculptur'd urns in bright confusion stood,
And streams of silver form'd a precious flood.

On nails suspended rows of pearls were seen,
Not such the pendants of th' Egyptian Queen,
Who (joy luxurious swelling all her soul)
Quaff'd the vast price of empires in her bowl.

As seas voracious swallow up the land,
As raging flames eternal food demand,
So this vile wretch, unblest'd with all his store,
Repin'd in plenty, and grew sick for more.
Nor shall we wonder, when his name I tell:
'Twas Avarice, the eldest born of hell.

But hark! what noise breaks in upon my tale?
Be hush'd each sound, and whisper ev'ry gale!
Ye croaking rooks, your noisy flight suspend!
Guess'd I not right, how all my toil would end?
My heavy rhymes have jaded Tucker quite;
He yawns — he nods — he snores. Good night,
good night!

Mendez.

Poverty and Poetry.

'Twas sung of old, how once Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons:
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town.
But it is plain, that in these times
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles in the air:
Poor are the brethren of the bays
Down from high strains to ekes and ayes,
The Muses too are virgins yet,
And may be — till they portions get.

Yet still the doting rhymers dream,
And sing of Helicon's bright streams:
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water:
Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.
What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards! his influence on your heads?
Lawyers by endless controversies
Consume unthinking client's purses,

As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician, who by physick,
Like death, dispatches him, that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
And love in flow'ry meads to play.
An idle crew, whose only trade is,
To shine in trifles, like our ladies,
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning:
Thus they gain nothing, to bequeath
Their vot'ries, but a laurel-wreath.

But love rewards the bard; the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care.
Alas! fond youth! your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, tho' a Virgil;
Could you like Phœbus sing, invain
You nobly swell the lofty strain:
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts, as her's, in your Belindas.

But, then some say, you purchase fame,
And gain that envy'd prize, a name.

Great recompense! like his, who sells
 A diamond for beads and bells.
 Will fame be thought sufficient bail,
 To keep the poet from the jail?

Thus the brave foldier in the wars
 Gets empty praise and aching scars,
 Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
 And starv'd the glorious vagrant begs.

Broome.

On the Masquerades.

Well! we have reach'd the precipice at last;
 The present age of vice obscures the past.
 Our dull forefathers were content to stay,
 Nor finn'd, till nature pointed out the way.
 No arts they practis'd, to forestall delight,
 But stopp'd, to wait the calls of appetite:
 Their top debauches were at best precise
 An unimprov'd simplicity of vice.

But this blest age has found a fairer road,
 And left the paths, their ancestors had trod:
 Nay, we could wear (our taste so very nice is)
 Their old cast-fashions sooner than their vices.

Whoring till now a common trade has been,
 But masquerades refine upon the sin,
 An higher taste to wickedness impart,
 And second nature with the helps of art.
 New ways and means to pleasure we devise,
 Since pleasure looks the lovelier in disguise:
 The stealth and frolick give a smarter gust,
 Add wit to vice and elegance to lust.

Invain, the modish evil to redress,
 At once conspire the pulpit and the press:
 Our priests and poets preach and write invain;
 All satire's lost, both sacred and profane.
 So many various changes to impart,
 Would tire an Ovid's or a Proteus' art,
 Where lost in one promiscuous whim we see
 Sex, age, condition, quality, degree,
 Where the facetious crowd themselves lay down,
 And take up ev'ry person but their own.
 Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
 Belles in tiewigs and lords in harlequins,
 Troops of right-honourable porters come,
 And garter'd small coal-merchants crowd the room,
 Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
 Lacquies of state and footmen with a star,
 Sailors of quality with judges mix,
 And chimney-sweepers drive their coach and fix,

Statesmen, so us'd, at court the mask to wear,
With less disguise assume the vizor here.
Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes;
For his own person is his best disguise,
And half the reigning toasts of equal grace
Trust to the natural vizor of the face.
Idiots turn conjurers and courtiers clowns,
And sultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.
Starch'd Quakers glare in furbelows and filk,
Beaux deal in sprats, and duchesses cry milk.

But guard thy fancy, Muse! nor stain thy pen
With the lewd joys of this fantastick scene,
Where sexes blend in one confus'd intrigue,
Where the girls ravish, and the men grow big,
Nor credit, what the idle world has said
Of lawyers forc'd and judges brought to bed,
Or that to belles their brothers breathe their vows,
Or husbands thro' mistake gallant a spouse.
Such dire disasters and a num'rous throng
Of like enormities require the song:
But the chaste Muse, with blushes cover'd o'er,
Retires confus'd, and will reveal no more.

Pitt.

To Signora Cuzzoni,

Little Siren of the stage,
 Charmer of an idle age,
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
 Wanton gale of fond desire,
 Bane of ev'ry manly art,
 Sweet enfeebl'er of the heart!
 O too pleasing is thy strain.
 Hence to southern climes again!
 Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
 To this island bid farewell!
 Leave us, as we ought to be!
 Leave the Britons rough and free!

Philips.

To Ardelia.

Written at Margate in 1768.

As I pensively walk'd o'er the steep,
 At whose foot the broad wave dashes hoarse,
 And beheld the white sails of the deep,
 'Midst the billows pursuing their course;

Ah! wand'ers, I said with a sigh,
 Far happier's the vessel in port,
 Which dreads not like you the dark sky,
 Nor lives of each tempest the sport!
 To new worlds and new climates go steer,
 Still rove like the heart unconfin'd;
 You have rocks, and have quicksands to fear,
 And your hopes are all built on the wind!
 By my stars at last guided to peace,
 I trust to the ocean no more;
 'Tis time, that life's tumult should cease:
 My bark is moor'd close to the shore.

With thy sunshine, Ardelia, while blest,
 No storms can my steadiness move;
 Your bosom's my harbour of rest,
 And the anchor, that holds me, your love.

Keate.

Hymn to Humanity.

Lo! for this dark terrestrial ball
 Forsakes his azure-paved hall

A prince of heav'nly birth.
 Divine Humanity, behold!
 What wonders rise, what charms unfold
 At his descent to earth!

The bosoms of the great and good
 With wonder and delight he view'd,
 And fix'd his empire there:

Him, close compressing to his breast,
 The fire of gods and men address'd:
 „My son, my heav'nly fair!

„Descend to earth, there place thy throne!
 „To succour man's afflicted son
 „Each human heart inspire!
 „To act in bounties unconfin'd,
 „Enlarge the close contracted mind,
 „And fill it with thy fire!“

Quick as the word, with swift career
 He wings his course from star to star,
 And leaves the bright abode.
 The Virtue did his charms impart:
 There, G—y! then thy raptur'd heart
 Perceiv'd the rushing god.

For when thy pitying eye did see
 The languid Muse in low degree,
 Then, then at thy desire
 Descended the celestial Nine:
 O'er me, methought, they deign'd to shine,
 And deign'd to string my lyre.

Can Afric's Muse forgetful prove?
 Or can such friendship fail to move
 A tender human heart?
 Immortal friendship, laurel-crown'd,
 The smiling Graces all surround
 With ev'ry heav'nly art.

Wheatley.

The Snow-Ball.

The blue-faced boys, with eager haste,
 In spite of winter's cold,
 Assemble on the milk-white waste,
 To see the snow-ball roll'd.

Each takes his part, and trusts amain,
 To aid th' increasing pile,

And as their little finews strain,
They sing and laugh the while.

At length th' unweildy mass, full grown,
Defies their utmost pow'r:
No help is present but their own,
And it will move no more.

So have I seen in foreign lands
The men of mighty weight,
Combining all their party hands,
To roll the ball of state.

Still as they drive the vast machine,
It moves with tardier pace:
They call the patriot-party in,
To aid'em in the chace.

The patriot-gang refuse their aid,
To work against their will,
And thus — (but let no more be said)
The ball of state — stands still.

A Duet.

Says N—h to Dick R—by, good friend!

This weather's exceedingly cold:

A partner to thee I'd commend;

For thy bed a stout couple can hold.

I have a good man in my eye,

Who spouts for us excellent stuff,

And, Dick, you know as well as I,

That half is for thee just enough.

Hold there! good mylord, he reply'd,

Take my thanks, but pray, keep your advice!

No partner I need by my side;

My bed is so snug and so nice.

Then name not your spouter to me!

I know, it is only your son:

Still single I've been, and shall be;

I'm not weary of lying alone.

C a n z o n e t t a.

Soft slept the sea within its silver-bed.
 To the scarce breathing gale
 The filken sail
 With venturous hands I spread,
 And saw the rocks, and pass'd, yet felt no fear:
 All danger distant seem'd, which was alas! too near.
 Love, calm deceiver, seated by my side,
 His secret fraud enjoy'd,
 Too oft employ'd,
 In sport my bark to guide.
 We reach'd the port: the little pilot smil'd.
 Can love deceive? I said, and kiss'd the laughing child.
 He clapp'd his wings, and lightly thro' the air
 Flew from my longing eyes:
 The storms arise,
 And back my vessel bear.
 Secure what port can hapless lovers meet?
 We blame the winds and seas, yet clasp the dear deceit.

Marriott.

On Miss — — —, fanning herself.

Panting with heat from sol's unnerving rays,
A fan unfurl'd the lovely nymph displays:
The flutt'ring toy awakes the dormant breeze,
And to her throbbing breast gives coolly ease.
The waving tucker, wind-impell'd — (oh, heav'n!
Wou'd, to my lot that bliss supreme were giv'n!)
Playfully wanton, now with kisses greets
Those lily-cover'd hills of breathing sweets,
Now slowing back, to the charm'd gazer shows
A fairer heav'n, than ev'n Elysium knows:
The heaving mounts alternate fall and rise,
Darting bewitching poison to our eyes,
While Cupid laughing from his slopy vale
Pours flaming arrows thick, as storms of hail,
Above the battery of her stays now peeps,
Flackers his wings, — then downward, nestling, creeps
To purling streams and consecrated groves,
The hallow'd birth-place of his mother's doves,
Where lies, conceal'd from vulgar eyes, love's feat,
His Sans-souci, his favourite retreat.
Can that, which coolness to the fair imparts,
Thus raise a wild-fire in beholders hearts? —

In mercy, heav'nly maid, our pains redrefs,
And kindly give us more, or show us less ! *)

On a mischievous Woman.

From peace and social joy Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise.
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

Broome.

Verfes to Solitude.

Thou gentle nurse of pleasing woe!
To thee from crowds and noise and show
With eager haste I fly.
Thrice welcome, friendly Solitude!
O let no busy foot intrude,
Nor list'ning ear be nigh.

*) Poems, consisting of tales, fables, epigrams &c. &c.
by Nobody.

London 1770. 8vo.

Soft, silent, melancholy maid!
With thee to yon sequester'd shade

My pensive steps I bend:

Still at the mild approach of night,
When Cynthia lends her sober light,

Do thou my walk attend!

To thee alone my conscious heart
Its tender sorrow dares impart,

And ease my lab'ring breast:

To thee I trust the rising sigh,
And bid the tear, that swells mine eye,
No longer be suppress'd.

With thee among the haunted groves
The lovely forc'refs Fancy roves:

O let me find her here!

For she can time and space controul,
And swift transport my fleeting soul

To all, it holds most dear.

Ah no! — ye vain delusions, hence!

No more the hallow'd influence
Of Solitude pervert!

Shall Fancy cheat the precious hour,
 Sacred to Wisdom's awful pow'r,
 And calm Reflection's part?

O Wisdom! from the sea-beat shore,
 Where, list'ning to the solemn roar,

Thy lov'd Eliza *) strays,
 Vouchsafe, to visit my retreat,
 And teach my erring trembling feet
 Thy heav'n-protected ways!

Ah, guide me to the humble cell,
 Where Resignation loves to dwell,
 Contentment's bow'r in view!
 Nor pining grief with absence drear,
 Nor sick suspense, nor anxious fear
 Shall there my steps pursue.

*) Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, a Lady well known to the
 literary world, author of a beautiful ode to Wisdom.

There let my soul to him aspire,
 Whom none e'er fought with vain desire,
 Nor lov'd in sad despair,
 There to his gracious will divine
 My dearest fondest hope resign,
 And all my tend'rest care!

Then Peace shall heal this wounded breast,
 That pants, to see another blest,
 From selfish passion pure,
 Peace, which, when human wishes rise
 Intense, for aught beneath the skies
 Can never be secure.

Mrs. Chapone.

Love and Vanity, a Fable.

The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
 The wak'ning flow'rs unveild their bloom,
 Up with the sun, from short repose,
 Gay health and lusty labour rose,
 The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
 And shepherds whistled o'er the dale,

When Love, who led a rural life,
 Remote from bustle, state and strife,
 Forth from his thatch'd-roof'd cottage stray'd,
 And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A nymph, who lightly trip'd it by,
 To quick attention turn'd his eye:
 He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
 Her self-sufficient grace and air,
 Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
 Her study'd negligence and ease,
 And curious, to enquire, what meant
 This thing of prettiness and paint,
 Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant:
 The lady, slightly, — Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
 Fair one, you do the country grace.
 At court, no doubt, the public care:
 But Love has small acquaintance there.
 Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
 This form confesses, whence it came:
 But dear variety, you know,
 Can make us pride and pomp forego.
 My name is Vanity. I sway
 The utmost islands of the sea:
 Within my court all honour centers,
 I raise the meanest soul, that enters,

Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints, at pleasure
The world receives its weight and measure:
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.

Reflect, how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in, where nature fails,
And ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.

But chief, in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts and pray'rs,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolicks, foibles and perfections,
Their robing, curling and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From fix to fixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide!
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of beauty mine;
For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,

Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.

Far-fighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong,
And chastity of icy mold,
Within the burning tropics cold,
And lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modesty with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin-dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright,
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three,
And rosy peace, the cherub blest'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white,
Has stood for imitation high
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye,
From ancient deeds of fair renown
Has brought her bright memorials down,

To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And as a better soul inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confess'd,
And, like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates and refines.

The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts:
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions, that please, and thoughts, that melt:
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul,
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd, to all, that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere, by heav'n assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood,
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd.

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold,
To hope, your pretty tale is told?
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel? —
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us
Of buckram-dames and tiptoe-fellows?
Go, child, and when you're grown maturer,
You'll suit your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting,
And all for soft'ning and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature
Thro' the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love, to hit.

'Tis said, that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wandring light,
Eccentric, ominous and bright,
Tractless and shifting as the wind,
A sea, whose fathom none can find,

A moon, still changing and revolving,
 A riddle, past all human solving,
 A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
 A — something, that no man can tell.

Now learn a secret from a friend,
 But keep your council, and attend!

Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
 Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,
 'Tis but the diff'rence of a name,
 And ev'ry woman is the same.
 For as the world, however vary'd,
 And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,
 Of elemental modes and forms,
 Clouds, meteors, colours, calms and storms,
 Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
 Is of one subject matter made,
 So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
 The world's enigma, finds solution,
 And let her form be, what you will,
 I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
 The speck of being, I commence,
 Within the womb make fresh advances,
 And dictate future qualms and fancies,
 Thence in the growing form expand,
 With childhood travel hand in hand,

And give a taste of all their joys
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp and noise.

And now, familiar and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad:
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mein,
The little goddess and the queen
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect and fair,
To dress, becomes her darling care:
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the floating lappet sail,
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale.
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And shew the lovely idol there,
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And, numb'ring every beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.

Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading,
For balls, plays, courts and crouds what passion!
And churches, sometimes — if the fashion;

For woman's sense of right and wrong
 Is rul'd by the almighty throng,
 Still turns to each meander tame,
 And swims, the straw of ev'ry stream,
 Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
 Accomplish'd only in defects:
 Such excellence is her ambition,
 Folly her wisest acquisition,
 And ev'n from pity and disdain
 She'll cull some reason, to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
 The wealth and wants of female nature,
 And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
 I gather fewel to my fire,
 And on the very base of shame
 Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
 Of which your godship has not dreamt!

Those shining virtues, which you muster,
 Whence think you, they derive their lustre?
 From native honour and devotion?
 O yes, a mighty likely notion!
 Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
 'Tis I, make saints, whoe'er makes finners;
 'Tis I, instruct them, to withdraw,
 And hold presumptuous man in awe;

For female worth, as I inspire,
 In just degrees still mounts the higher,
 And virtue, so extremely nice,
 Demands long toil and mighty price.
 Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
 I bear the sex's tottering state,
 Sap these, and in a moment's space
 Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles and from toys
 I spring, the fount of female joys,
 In ev'ry widow, wife and miss
 The sole artificer of blifs.
 For them each tropic I explore,
 I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore:
 To them, uniting India's sail,
 Sabea breathes her farthest gale:
 For them the bullion I refine,
 Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
 And from the bowels of invention
 Spin out the various arts, you mention.

Nor blifs alone my pow'rs bestow,
 They hold the soveraign balm of woe;
 Beyond the Stoic's boasted art,
 I soothe the heavings of the heart,
 To pain give splendor and relief,
 And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace and the plain
 Admit the glories of my reign.
 Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
 Taste, talents, tempers, state and station,
 Whate'er a woman says, I say,
 Whate'er a woman spends, I pay:
 Alike I fill and empty bags,
 Flutter in finery and rags,
 With light coquettes thro' folly range,
 And with the prude disdain to change.
 And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I
 That things were ripe for a reply. —
 But soft, and, while I'm in the mood,
 Kindly permit me, to conclude,
 Their utmost mazes to unravel,
 And touch the fairest step, they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,
 And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
 The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
 May ripen to an hour's repentance,
 And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
 Dismiss her to a church or cloyster.
 Then on I lead her with devotion,
 Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
 Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air,
 Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,

Soften

Soften the voice, and in the face
 Look melting harmony and grace.
 Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
 Nor quits her in her latest hour;
 The couch of decent pain I spread,
 In form recline her languid head,
 Her thoughts I methodize in death,
 And part not with her parting breath.
 Then do I set, in order bright,
 A length of funeral pomp to fight,
 The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
 The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier,
 And last, presenting to her eye
 Angelic fineries on high,
 To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
 And form the heav'n, she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle God,
 You've gone a tedious length of road,
 And, strange! in all the toilsome way
 No house of kind refreshment lay,
 No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted,
 To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one we'll never quarrel, man!
 Take her, and keep her, if you can,
 And pleas'd, I yield to your petition,
 Since ev'ry fair, by such permission,

Will hold herself the one selected,
And so my system stands protected.

O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd,
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heavn'ly nymphs, rever'd of old.
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her fire,
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire,
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurell'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope, to plant conviction,
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades, or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows:
A kind of antient thing, call'd fables!
And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye:
Nor wonder; each refus'd, to yield
The conquest of so fair a field,

When happily arriv'd in view,
 A goddess, whom our grandames knew,
 Of aspect grave and sober gait,
 Majestic, awful and sedate,
 As heaven's autumnal eve serene,
 When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene,
 Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
 And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
 Quick at a venture both agree,
 To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated
 In form and manner, as related.
 The case was short: they crav'd opinion,
 Which held o'er females chief dominion,
 When thus the goddess, ans'ring mild,
 First shook her gracious head, and smil'd.

Alas, how willing to comply,
 Yet how unfit a judge am I!
 In times of golden date, 'tis true,
 I shar'd the fickle sex with you:
 But from their presence long precluded,
 Or held as one, whose form intruded,
 Full fifty annual suns can tell,
 Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
 Or who to think of, neither knew;

For both still bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd, to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel, where they found it,
When in the nick a rural fair
Of inexperience'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world, beyond a wake,
With cambrick coif and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.
Now, now, cry'd love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our difference soon may be decided.
Behold yon wench! a fit occasion,
To try your force of gay persuasion!
Go yon awhile! retire aloof!
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof,
And if pour prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once so said, and so consented,
And well our goddesses seem'd contented,
Nor pausing made a moment's stand,
But trip't, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
 As one, to each occasion arm'd,
 Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
 That erst had wounded many a heart,
 Then bending drew it to the head,
 The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
 And, to her secret soul address'd,
 Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the dame, whose guardian care
 Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
 At once her pocket-mirror drew,
 And held the wonder full in view,
 As, quickly rang'd in order bright,
 A thousand beauties rush to fight,
 A world of charms, till now unknown,
 A world, reveal'd to her alone.
 Enraptur'd stands the love-sick maid,
 Suspended o'er the darling shade,
 Here only fixes to admire,
 And centers ev'ry fond desire.

Brooke.

C o n t e n t m e n t.

Farewell, aspiring thoughts! no more

My soul shall leave the peaceful shore,

To sail Ambition's main:

Fallacious as the harlot's kifs,

You promise me uncertain blifs,

And give me certain pain.

A beauteous prospect first you shew,

Which, ere survey'd, you paint anew,

And paint it wond'rous pleasant.

This in a third is quickly lost:

Thus future good we covet most,

But ne'er enjoy the present.

Deluded on from scene to scene,

We never end, but still begin,

By flatt'ring hope betray'd.

I'm weary of the painful chace:

Let others run this endless race,

To catch a flying shade.

Let others boast their uselefs wealth;
 Have I not honesty and health,
 Which riches cannot give?
 Let others to preferment soar,
 And, changing liberty for pow'r,
 In golden shackles live.

'Tis time at length, I should be wife,
 'Tis time, to seek substantial joys,
 Joys out of fortune's pow'r:
 Wealth, honours, dignities and fame
 Are toys, the blind capricious dame
 Takes from us every hour.

Come, conscious Virtue, fill my breast,
 And bring Content, thy daughter, drefs'd
 In ever-smiling charms!
 Let sacred Friendship too attend,
 A friendship worthy of my friend,
 Such as my Lælius warms!

With these I'll in my bosom make
 A bulwark, Fortune cannot shake,

Though all her storms arise,
 Look down, and pity gilded slaves,
 Despise Ambition's giddy knaves,
 And wish, the fools were wise.

Duck.

E l e g y

on the glory of her sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.

Good people all, with one accord
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word —
 From those, who spoke her praise.

The needy feldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind;
 She freely lent to all the poor, —
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
 With manners, wond'rous winning,
 And never follow'd wicked ways, —
 Unless, when she was finning.

At church, in filks and fattins new,
 With hoop of monstrous fize,
 She never slumber'd in her pew, —
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was fought (I do aver)
 By twenty beaux and more:
 The king himself has follow'd her —
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers - on cut short all;
 The Doctors found, when she was dead —
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow fore;
 For Kent - street well may say,
 That, had she liv'd a twelfmonth more, —
 She had not dy'd to day.

Goldsmith.

On a Shadow.

How are deluded humankind
By empty shows betray'd!
In all their hopes and schemes they find
A nothing or a shade.

The prospects of a truncheon cast
The foldier on the wars,
Dismiss'd with shatter'd limbs at last,
Brats, poverty and scars.

The fond philosophers for gain
Will leave unturn'd no stone,
But tho' they toil with endless pain,
They never find their own.

By the same rock the chymists drown,
And find no friendly hold,
But melt their ready specie down
In hopes of fancy'd gold.

What is the mad projector's care?
In hopes, elate and swelling,

He builds his castles in the air,
Yet wants an house, to dwell in.

At court the poor dependants fail,
And damn their fruitless toil,
When complimented thence to jail
And ruin'd with a smile.

How to philosophers will sound
So strange a truth display'd?
„ There's not a substance, to be found,
„ But ev'ry - where a shade.“

Pitt.

To the feathered young Ladies.

Dear charming girls! in whom I trace
Your once-lov'd mothers thro' their race,
(And still enough of fond desire
Remains, to light chaste friendship's fire)
Attend! nor let the ear of youth
Despise the voice of age and truth!
Avoid the wild extremes of dress!
Virtue and wisdom shun excess:

The bosom bare, the tucker flaunting
 Prove something to that bosom wanting,
 And lofty heads, in proud attire,
 Seldom to better heights aspire.

With warlike crest let heroes move!
 Men are not bully'd into love,
 Nor Cupid, perch'd upon a feather,
 Trembling, can join two hearts together:
 With surer aim his darts are sped
 From modest Nugent's plumless head.

Epigram on the report of M. Garrick's
 having quitted all connection with the
 stage.

Indeed! (cry'd hot Richard, and redden'd with rage)
 Has then renown'd Roscius quite quitted the stage?
 By gad, then the public is prettily fobb'd,
 By Garrick is cheated, is cozen'd and robb'd.

„How? robb'd? and by Garrick? says Tom, Sir,
 I fear“ —

By Garrick, I say, Sir, I'll make it appear;
 Of pleasure the stage has long been the sweet source,

And who robb's me of pleasure, may as well take
my purse;

Then Roscius has robb'd us, I solemnly swear;
For the stage is no stage, if no Garrick is there.

S o n g.

Why we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Random, chance, or wilful fate
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madness 'tis in me, to grieve:
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
Ask not me the reason, why;
Seek the riddle in the skies.

Philips.

Verfes,

addressed to David Garrick.

Leave, Garrick, the rich landshape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts and navies bright'ning all the bay:
To my plain roof repair, primævel seat!
Yet there no wonders your quick eye can meet.
Save, should you deem it wonderful, to find
Ambition cur'd and an unpassion'd mind,
A statesman without power and without gall,
Hating no courties, happier than they all,
Bow'd to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Vot'ry alone to freedom and the laws.
Herds, flocks and smiling Ceres deck our plain,
And, interspers'd, an heart-enliv'ning train
Of sportive children, frolic o'er the green:
Mean time pure love looks on, and consecrates the
scene.

Come then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great nature's proxy, glass of ev'ry age!
Come, taste the simple life of Patriarchs old,
Who, rich in rural peace, ne'er thought of pomp or
gold!

Earl of Chatham.

Ode to Melancholy.

Remote from those enchanting bowers,
 Where dance the nimble-footed hours,
 Where ravel's frantic folly,
 To thee I bring the tribute-tear,
 Visits the Muse thy mansions drear,
 Heart-searching Melancholy!

By thee inspir'd, by Fancy led,
 Thy hallowed ground I seem to tread,
 Where o'er the joyless plain
 The æther sheds its blackest hue,
 And here and there a lonely yew
 Marks Melancholy's reign;

Where chearful gales forget to blow,
 Pellucid currents cease to flow,
 The cloud-capt mountain's height
 All avenues of the dreary way
 Secures from each pervading ray
 Of soul-enlivening light;

Where grief sad social solace seeks.

The rose has fled her meagre cheeks,

And hollow is her eye:

Care on her lap reclines his head,

Whilst hovering round the restless bed

The wing'd Chimeras fly.

Rack'd with ideal tortures, spleen

A thousand fiends unknown, unseen,

With shadowy faulchions scare:

This rends her breast, that goads her sides,

And every hag of Fancy rides

The phantom thro' the air.

Hark, softly stealing on the ear,

The hollow sigh, the dropping tear,

The music of despair;

Not lovers sorrow, mocking sighs,

Or mimic grief, that melts the eyes

Of youthful widowed fair;

Sorrows, that orphan-bosoms pierce,

Pour'd o'er a tender parent's hearse,

Snatch'd

Snatch'd by un pitying fate:
 No fostering hand's kind solace nigh,
 Each summer-friend with wayward eye
 Surveys their helpless state:

Thus the vague group of vernal flies,
 While Titan gilds the cloudless skies,
 Sport in the glistening ray:
 The splendid scene once overcast
 By lowering cloud, or adverse blast,
 Each insect veers away.

When pleasure's madding tide o'erfswells
 The rapt breast, to those dolefull cells
 Of misery let me stray!

There shall thought-fostering Solitude,
 Whilst no fantastic joys intrude,
 Each devious step recall to Virtue's rugged way.

Shepherd.

The Fable of the young man and his Cat.

A hapless youth, whom fates averse had drove
To a strange passion and preposterous love,
Long'd to possess his puss's spotted charms,
And hug the tabby beauty in his arms.
To what odd whimsies love inveigles men?
Sure, if the boy was ever blind, 'twas then,
Rack'd with his passion, and in deep despair
The youth to Venus thus address'd his prayer:
„ O queen of beauty! since thy Cupid's dart
„ Has fir'd my soul, and rankles in my heart,
„ Since doom'd to burn in this unhappy flame,
„ From thee at least a remedy I claim.
„ If once, to bless Pygmalion's longing arms,
„ The marble soften'd into living charms,
„ And, warm with life, the purple current ran
„ In circling streams thro' ev'ry flinty vein,
„ If, with his own creating hands display'd,
„ He hugg'd the statue, and embrac'd a maid,
„ And with the breathing image fir'd his heart,
„ The pride of nature and the boast of art,
„ Hear my request, and crown my wondrous flame;
„ The same its nature, be thy gift the same.
„ Give me the like unusual joys to prove,
„ And tho' irregular, indulge my love!“

Delighted Venus heard the moving pray'r,
 And soon resolv'd, to ease the lover's care,
 To set Miss Tabby off with ev'ry grace,
 To dress and fit her for the youth's embrace.

Now she by gradual change her form forsook.
 First her round face an oval figure took,
 The roguish dimples next his heart beguile,
 And each grave whisker soften'd to a smile:
 Unusual ogles wanton'd in her eye,
 Her solemn purring dwindled to a sigh:
 Sudden a huge hoop-petticoat display'd
 A wide circumference, entrench'd the maid,
 And for the tail in waving circles play'd:
 Her fur, as destin'd still her charms to deck,
 Made for her hands a muff, a tippet for her neck.

In the fine lady now her shape was lost,
 And by such strange degrees she grew a toast,
 Was all for ombre now, and who but she
 To talk of modes and scandal o'er her tea,
 To settle ev'ry fashion of the sex,
 And run thro' all the female politicks,
 To spend her time at toilet and passet,
 To play, to flaunt, to flutter and coquette?
 From a grave thinking mouser she was grown
 The gayest flirt, that coach'd it round the town.

But see, how often some intruding wo
 Nips all our blooming prospects at a blow;
 For as the youth his lovely consort led
 To the dear pleasures of the nuptial bed,
 Just on that instant from an inner house
 Into the chamber popt a heedless mouse.
 Miss Tabby saw, and brooking no delay,
 Sprung from the sheets, and seiz'd the trembling
 prey:

Nor did the bride in that ill-fated hour
 Reflect, that all her mousing days were o'er.
 The youth, astonish'd felt a new despair,
 Ixion-like he grasp'd and grasp'd but air:
 He saw his vows and pray'rs invain bestow'd,
 And lost the jilting goddess in a cloud.

Pitt.

To the Earl of Oxford, sent to him,
 when he was in the tower before his trial.

How blest'd is he, who for his country dies!
 Since death pursues the coward, as he flies,
 The youth invain would fly from fate's attack
 With trembling knees and terror at his back;

Tho' fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine,
But shall with unattainted honour shine,
Nor stoops; to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please, to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky,
Where Jove a feat among the gods will give
To those, who die for meriting to live.

Next faithful silence hath a sure reward:
Within our breast be every secret barr'd.
He, who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, nor in one ship with me,
(For who with traitors would his safety trust?)
Left with the wicked heav'n involve the just,
And, tho' the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

Swift.

To the fair sex.

Forbear, ye studious nymphs, forbear
 To let improvement be your care,
 At least improvement of the mind;
 To read and write, and taste acquire,
 Perhaps to feel the Muses' fire,
 Is not for female souls design'd.

Hapless the maid, whose genius strong
 Breaks thro' restraint, and glows in song,
 As some ill-fated fair-ones do,
 Who blush, to own th'atrocious crime,
 Yet can't forbear, to write in rhyme,
 And learning's lofty flight pursue.

To such I sing, and earnest pray,
 That such will listen to my lay;
 No selfish int'rest prompts my verse:
 I seek no praise, nor envy fear,
 But love my sex with zeal sincere,
 And only fatal truth rehearse;

That, tho' they chuse their subjects well,
 Tho' nervous sense their numbers swell,
 And modesty attends their pen,

Yet will the world no censures spare;
For witty ladies who can bear?

Genius and wit belong to men;

Tho', since poetic fire divine
Is vested in th' immortal Nine,

Nine modest virgins learn'd and chaste,
They'll often chuse their sex, to each
Parnassus' steep ascent to reach,

The spring of Helicon to taste.

Alas! they wist not, they're unkind,
When they enrich the female mind

With gifts, men oft desire invain:
Then be advis'd, ye fair and young,
And never learn the Muses' song,

But shun their dear delusive mien.

Oh! dread the skill of writing well
For fear, you should the men excel,

Who will such excellence despise,
Since men, who judge the female race,
Think ignorance their sweetest grace,
And love the silly, not the wise.

—

T o A r d e l i a.
New-year's-day 1770.

W elcome to the new-born year!

Lo! it comes, by hope attended:
Future seasons too appear,
All with future pleasures blended.

Mark, Ardelia, mark their brow,
With how sweet a smile they greet us! —
O may ever time, as now,
With so kind an aspect meet us!

Doom'd with thee my course to bend,
Ev'ry path of life's inviting:
Thou my wife, companion, friend,
All is sunshine, all delighting.

Unregarded seasons roll'd,
E'er my choice had thee selected:
Now they happiness unfold,
Not a moment flies neglected.

'Tis not fortune, 'tis not state,

'Tis not, what the world so prizes,

In the mind can blifs create; —

Far above such toys it riles.

'Tis the joy, exalted hearts

Feel, while each to each a blessing,

And by all endearing arts

Ever still their love expressing.

Such the pleasures, we partake,

And if lengthen'd years be giv'n,

Virtue, join'd with Peace, shall make

Home a temporary heav'n!

Keate.

Dialogue

between a Lady and her looking - glass,

while she had the greensickness.

The gay Ophelia view'd her face

In the dear crystal of her glass:

The lighting from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.

Then thus Ophelia with a frown —

„ Art thou, false thing! perfidious grown?

„ I never could have thought, I swear,

„ To find so great a fland'rer there.

„ False thing! thy malice I defy;

„ Beaux vow, I'm fair — who never lie.

„ More brittle far, than brittle thou,

„ Would ev'ry grace of woman grow,

„ If charms so great, so soon decay,

„ The bright possession of a day!

„ But this I know, and this declare,

„ That thou art false, and I am fair.“

The glass was vex'd, to be bely'd,
And thus with angry tone reply'd:

„ No more to me of falsehood talk,

„ But leave your oatmeal and your chalk.

„ 'Tis true, you're meagre, pale and wan:

„ The reason is, you're sick for man.“ —

While yet it spoke, Ophelia frown'd,

And dash'd th'offender to the ground:

With fury from her arm it fled,

And round a glitt'ring ruin spread,

When lo! the parts pale looks disclose,

Pale looks in ev'ry fragment rose:

Around the room instead of one
 An hundred pale Ophelias shone.
 Away the frightened virgin flew,
 And humbled, from herself withdrew.

The Moral.

Ye Beaux! who tempt the fair and young
 With snuff and nonsense, dance and song,
 Ye men of compliment and lace!
 Behold this image in the glass.
 The wondrous force of flatt'ry prove,
 To cheat fond virgins into love,
 Tho' pale the cheek, yet swear, it glows
 With the vermilion of the rose.
 Praise them, for praise is always true,
 Tho' with both eyes the cheat they view.
 From hateful truths the virgin flies,
 But the false sex is caught with lies.

Broome.

Epitaph in Eastry Church - Kent

On a young Lady, who died in childbed.
 How dear the purchase! how severe the cost!
 The fruit was sav'd, the parent-tree was lost.

This monumental shrine, these plaintive lays,
 This last sad gift a weeping husband pays,
 Not that thy praises, virtuous fair, require
 The breathing marble, or the vocal lyre,
 But as a small, a just return for love,
 Tender, unfeign'd and ratify'd above.

Epistle to a friend in town.

Have my friends in the town, in the gay busy town
 Forgot such a man, as John Dyer?
 Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
 Whose bosom no pageantries fire?
 No matter, no matter — content in the shades —
 (Contented! — why, every thing charms me)
 Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
 Till hence rigid virtue alarms me;
 Till outrage arises, or misery needs
 The swift, the intrepid avenger,

Till sacred religion or liberty bleeds;

Then mine be the deed and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, what wealth and domain

Who heap up in sin and in sorrow!

Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!

Is not life, to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on, my moments, the few, that I have,

Smooth-shaded and quiet and even,

While gently the body descends to the grave,

And the spirit arises to heaven.

Dyer.

The Poet's importance.

The glow-worm-scribblers of a feeble age,

Pale twinklers of an hour, provoke my rage.

In each dark hedge we start an insect-fire,

Which lives by night, and must at dawn expire:

Yet such their number, that their specks combine,

And the unthinking vulgar swear, they shine.

Visit Britain's rocky shore;
 Britons too thy pow'r adore.
 Britons, hardy, bold and free,
 Own thy laws, and yield to thee.
 Source of every heart-felt joy,
 Come, thou rosy-dimpled boy!

Hast to Sylvia, hast away!
 This is thine and Hymen's day.
 Bid her thy soft bondage wear;
 Bid her for Love's rites prepare!
 Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
 Deck the sacred nuptial bow'r!
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen too be there!
 This is thine and Hymen's day:
 Hast to Sylvia, haste away!

Only while we love, we live:
 Love alone can pleasure give.
 Pomp and pow'r and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great,
 Crowns and scepters, envied things,
 And the pride of eastern kings
 Are but childish empty toys,
 When compar'd to Love's sweet joys.
 Love alone can pleasure give:
 Only while we love, we live.

The Arbour.

An Ode to Contentment.

To these lone shades, where peace delights to dwell,
My fortune oft permit me to retreat,
Here bid the world, with all its cares, farewell,
And leave its pleasure to the rich and great.

Oft, as the summer's sun shall cheer this scene
With that mild gleam, which points his parting
ray,

Here let my soul enjoy each eve serene,
Here share its calm 'till life's declining day.

No gladsome image then should 'scape my sight
From these gay flow'rs, which border near my
eye,

To yon bright cloud, that decks, with richest light,
The gilded mantle of the western sky.

With ample gaze I'd trace that ridge remote,
Where op'ning cliffs disclose the boundless main,
With earnest ken from each low hamlet note
The steeple's summit peeping o'er the plain.

Then muse on him, who blesteth all her store,
And give to solemn thoughts the sober hour.

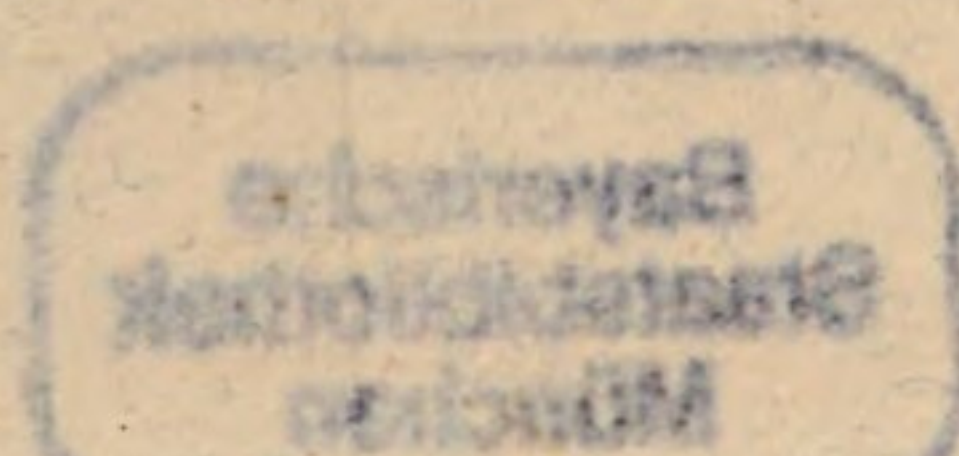
Let mirth unenvy'd laugh with proud disdain,
And deem it spleen, one moment thus to waste,
If so she keep far hence her noisy train,
Nor interrupt those joys, she cannot taste.

Far sweeter streams shall flow from Wisdom's spring,
Than she receives from Folly's costliest bowl,
And what delights can her chief dainties bring,
Like those, which feast the heavenly pensive soul?

Hail, Silence, then! be thou my frequent guest;
For thou art wont, my gratitude to raise
As high, as wonder can the theme suggest,
When e'er I meditate my Maker's praise.

What joy for tutor'd piety, to learn
All, that my christian solitude can teach,
Where weak-ey'd reason's self may well discern
Each clearer truth, the gospel deigns to preach!

No object here, but may convince the mind
Of more, than thoughtful honesty shall need,



Nor can suspense long question here, to find
Sufficient evidence, to fix its creed.

'Tis God, that gives this bow'r its awful gloom:
His arched verdure does its roof invest.
He breathes the life of fragrance on its bloom,
And with his kindness makes his owner blest.

Oh! may the guidance of thy grace attend
The use of all, thy bounty shall bestow,
Left folly should mistake its sacred end,
Or vice convert it into means of woe!

Incline, and aid me still, my life to steer,
As conscience dictates, what to shun, or chuse,
Nor let my heart feel anxious hope or fear
For aught, this world can give me, or refuse!

Then shall not wealth's parade one wish excite
For wretched state, to barter peace away,
Nor vain Ambition's lure my pride invite,
Beyond Contentment's humble path to stray.

What, though thy wisdom may my lot deny,
The treasur'd plenty freely to dispense,

Yet well thy goodness can that want supply
With larger portions of benevolence.

And sure, the heart, that wills the gen'rous deed,
May all the joys of charity command;
For she best loves, from notice to recede,
And deals her unfought gifts with secret hand.

Then will I sometimes bid my fancy steal
That unclaim'd wealth, no property restrains,
Soothe with fictitious aid my friendly zeal,
And realize each godly act, she feigns.

So shall I gain the gold without alloy,
Without oppression, toil or treach'rous snares:
So shall I know its use, its pow'r employ,
And yet avoid its dangers and its cares.

And spite of all, that boastful wealth can do,
In vain would Fortune strive, the rich to bless,
Were they not flatter'd with some distant view
Of what she ne'er can give them to possess.

E'en Wisdom's high conceit oft wants would feel,
If not supply'd from Fancy's boundless store,

And nought but shame makes pow'r itself conceal,
That she, to satisfy, must promise more.

But though experience will not fail to show,
Howe'er its truth man's weakness may upbraid,
That, what he mostly values here below,
Owes half its relish to kind Fancy's aid;

Yet should not Prudence her light wing command,
She may to far extend her heedless flight;
For pleasure soon shall quit her fairy-land,
If Nature's regions are not held in fight.

From truth's abode, in search of kind deceit,
Within due limits she may safely roam,
If roving does not make her hate retreat,
And with aversion shun her proper home.

But thanks to those, whose fond parental care
To learning's paths my youthful steps confin'd!
I need not shun a state, which lets me share
Each calm delight, that soothes the studious mind.

While genius lasts, his fame shall ne'er decay,
Whose artful hand first caus'd its fruits to spread,

In lasting volumes stamp'd the printed lay,
And taught the Muses, to embalm the dead.

To him I owe each fair instructive page,
Where science tells me, what her sons have known,
Collects their choicest works from every age,
And makes me wise with knowledge, not my own.

Books, rightly us'd, may every state secure,
From fortune's evils may our peace defend,
May teach us, how to shun, or to endure
The foe malignant and the faithless friend.

Should rigid want withdraw all outward aid,
Kind stores of inward comfort they can bring:
Should keen disease life's tainted stream invade,
Sweet to the soul from them pure health may spring.

Should both at once man's weakly frame infest,
Some letter'd charm may still relief supply,
'Gainst all events prepare his patient breast,
And make him quite resign'd, to live, or die.

For though no words can time or fate restrain,
No sounds suppress the call of Nature's voice,

Though neither rhymes, nor spells can conquer pain,
Nor magic's self make wretchedness our choice;

Yet reason, while it forms the subtle plan,
Some purer source of pleasure to explore,
Must deem it vain for that poor pilgrim, man,
To think of resting, till his journey's o'er;

Must deem each fruitless toil by heav'n design'd,
To teach him, where to look for real bliss:
Else why should heav'n excite the hope, to find,
What balk'd pursuit must here for ever miss?

Cole.

The Poet to his false Mistress.

Wonder not, faithless woman, if you see,
Yourself so chang'd, so great a change in me!
With shame I own it, I was once your slave,
Ador'd myself the beauties, which I gave;
For know, deceiv'd deceitful, that 'twas I,
Gave thy form grace and lustre to thine eye:
Thy tongue, thy fingers I their magic taught,
And spread the net, in which myself was caught.

So pagan priests first form and dress the wood,
 Then prostrate fall before the senseless god.
 But now, curst woman, thy last sentence hear:
 I call'd thy beauty forth, I bid it disappear.
 I'll strip thee of thy borrow'd plumes, undress,
 And shew thee in thy native ugliness.
 Those eyes have shone by me, by me that chin
 The seat of wanton Cupids long has been.
 Ye fires, go out — ye wanton Cupids, fly —
 Of every beam disarm her haggard eye:
 'Tis I, recall ye: my known voice obey —
 And nought of beauty, but the falshood, stay.

Upon the Ladies and their fine cloaths
 at a ball.

Happy the worms, that spun their lives away,
 T'enrich the splendour of this glorious day!
 Well pleas'd these gen'rous foreigners expire,
 A sacrifice to beauty's general fire.

O! had they seen, with what superior grace
 Beauty here triumphs in each lovely face,
 Their am'rous flames had their own work betray'd,
 And burn'd the web, their curious art had made!

Taylor.

C h l o e.

Chloe's the wonder of her sex,
 'Tis well, her heart is tender:
 How might such killing eyes perplex
 With Virtue, to defend her?

But Nature, graciously inclin'd,
 With liberal hands to please us,
 Hath to her boundless beauty join'd
 A boundless bent, to ease us.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

The royal voyage.

I.

High on the bounding bark the royal fair
 Mounts o'er the billows of the watery way,
 Serene as Cynthia, thro' the fields of air,
 Queen of the night, extends her cloudless ray,
 When all the forests tremble to the gleam,
 And the transparent seas reflect the silver-beam.

But see the whitening furge, the gathering clouds:
Hark! the winds whistle thro' the shrowds.
They bow the mast, they rend the sail,
The sea-worn mariner is pale,
And views the blackening storm, and hears th'increa-
sing gale.

But not, o royal maid,
Let fear thy breast invade:
Know, happy fair! approv'd by heaven,
To thee the empire of the main is given.
Invain loud winds the deep deform:
Love shall triumphant ride the storm.
Peace! every roaring child of troubled air!
Unmov'd the queen of sea-girt Albion sings.
Her flying fingers touch the strings:
Around their queen the trembling train repair;
Her courage lifts their own, her music sooths their
care.

II.

Happy queen of Albion's isle,
On whom the Loves and Graces smile,
Haste from Germania's plain on that devoted shore!
Soon thy weary steps shall try
A happier land, a milder sky,

Where no din of arms shall roar,
 Nor winds, nor swelling seas assault thee more.
 Thus midst the storms, which blow
 O'er Thracian hills of snow,
 Orpheus tun'd the golden lyre,
 And saw the beasts of death retire.
 Thus fearless of the night and watery grave,
 Leander's bosom met the wave,
 While Love before him flew, his way to guide,
 And thro' the foaming tide
 Gave to his nervous arm redoubled power,
 While Hymen shook the torch bright on the distant
 tower.

Hail! happy fires of mutual love, unknown
 To purchas'd dalliance and tumultuous joy!
 True pleasure sits on Virtue's awful throne:
 There all the Loves their golden shafts employ.
 Mild and unclouded the eternal flame,
 Reward of virtuous love and heavn's best blessing,
 came.

III.

Swift the wing'd hours shall urge their stealing way,
 Nor oft the waning moon shall know decay,
 Ere a new race shall rise of scepter'd kings:

From thee, Strelisian fair, the future hero springs.
See the long lines of royal youths extend,
To Britain's throne new subjects bend,
Where'er her glittering standards rise,
In other seas, in other skies
Shall spread the godlike fame of mildest victories.
Auspicious youths, be born!
Arise! o haste! your native soil adorn!
Not valorous arms alone
Shall guard the regal throne,
But shining arts and holy laws,
And ancient freedom's well-defended cause
Shall lift secure your praise sublime
Thro' all the radiant paths of time.
On Dorubernian cliffs the Muse hath told,
Prophetic child of Druids old,
Whereon she sits, and hears from either pole
In every wind victorious thunders roll.

Marriott.

Colins complaint.

A song to the tune of: grim king of the ghosts.

Despairing beside a clear stream

A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.

The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain, that I was,

Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face:

'Twere better by far, I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue:
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I, to believe,

She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town,

To think, that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What, tho' I have skill, to complain,
Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd,
What, tho', when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around,
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are invain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow, to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear, to accuse the false maid!
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
'Tis invain, from my fortune to fly,
'Twas hers, to be false, and to change,
'Tis mine, to be constant, and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,

Let her come with the nymph of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground.
 The last humble boon, that I crave,
 Is, to shade me with cypress and yew,
 And when she looks down on my grave,
 Let her own, that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day,
 While Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

Rowe.

A List of curiosities. *)

Since you, dear Doctor, fav'd my life,
 To blebs by turns, and plague my wife,

*) Imported above forty years ago in an epistle from
 Dr. Thomas Hancock to Sir Hans Sloan, who saved his
 life, and desired him to send over all the rarities, he
 could find in his travels.

I conscience, I'm oblig'd to do,
 Whatever is enjoin'd by you.
 According then to your command,
 That I should search the western land
 For curious things of every kind,
 And send you all, that I could find,
 I've ravag'd air, earth, seas and caverns,
 Men, women, children, towns and taverns,
 And greater rarities can shew,
 Than Grefham's children ever knew,
 Which carrier Dick shall bring you down:
 Next time his waggon comes to town.

I've got three drops of that same shower,
 Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour:
 From Carthage brought, the sword I'll send,
 Which brought queen Dido to her end;
 The stone, whereby grim Goliath dy'd,
 Which cures the head-ach, well apply'd,
 The snake's skin, which, you may believe,
 The devil cast, who tempted Eve,
 A fig-leaf apron, 'tis the same,
 Which Adam wore, to hide his shame,
 But now wants darning. I've beside
 The club, by which poor Abel dy'd,
 A whetstone, worn exceeding small,
 Fine us'd, to whet his scythe withal,

The

The pigeon stuff'd, which Noah sent,
 To tell him, where the waters went,
 A ring, I've got of Samson's hair,
 The same, which Dalilah did wear,
 St. Dunstan's tongs, which, story shows,
 Did pinch the devil by the nose,
 The very shaft, that all may see,
 Which Cupid shot at Anthony,
 And, what above the rest I prize,
 A glance of Cleopatra's eyes,
 Some strains of eloquence, which hung
 In Roman times on Tully's tongue,
 Which long conceal'd and lost had lain,
 Till Cowper found them out again,
 A goad, which, rightly us'd, will prove
 A certain remedy for love.

As Moor cures worms, in stomach bred,
 I've pills, cure maggots in the head,
 With the receipt, and how to make 'em:
 To you I leave the time, to take 'em.
 I've got a ray of Phoebus' shrine,
 Found in the bottom of a mine,
 A lawyer's conscience, large and fair,
 Fit for a judge himself, to wear.
 I've a choice nostrum, fit, to make
 An oath, a Cath'lic will not take.

In a thumb-vial you shall see,
 Close cork'd, some drops of honesty,
 Which, after searching kingdoms round,
 At last were in a cottage found,
 An antidote (if such there be)
 Against the charms of flattery.
 I ha'nt collected any care;
 Of that there's plenty every-where:
 But after wond'rous labour spent,
 I've got one grain of rich content.

Hancock.

A morning-soliloquy on Deafness.

Nature! thy genial call I hear,
 Which wakes the morn and me,
 And seems to strike upon my ear,
 Tho' deaf to all, but thee.
 To me the hours in silence roll away:
 No music greets the dawn, or mourns the close of day.
 To me the sky-larks, pois'd aloft,
 In silence seem to play,
 And hail no more in warbling soft
 The rising dawn of day:

For me invain they swell their liquid throats;
 Contemplative I muse, nor hear the jocund notes.

To me the shepherd pipes invain,
 Invain the milkmaid sings:

Loft are the bleatings of the plain,
 The gurgling of the springs.

No more I hear the nightingale complain,
 When to the moon she chaunts her sad love-labour'd
 strain.

And when with me Lucinda strays
 Along the breezy grove,
 In transport on her charms I gaze,
 And think, she talks of love.

Ah! cease, dear maid, to talk of love invain;
 For smiles alone to me the voice of love explain.

Pygmalion thus, when he survey'd
 The work, his hand had form'd,
 Enamour'd wish'd, to see the maid

With mutual passion warm'd,
 And as he woo'd his ear, he oft inclin'd,
 Whilst yet no voice of love reliev'd his anxious
 mind.

Cease thy complaints (methinks, ev'n now
The voice of reason cries)

Dispel the gloom, that clouds thy brow,

Suppress the heaving sighs:

What fate decrees, 'tis folly to bewail;

Weigh then the good and ill in wisdom's equal scale.

No more in friendship's thin disguise

Shall flattery soothe thine ear;

Experienc'd kindness makes thee wise,

To know thy friend sincere.

No more shalt thou attend to faction's cries,

The taunts of jealous pride, or envy's blasting lyes.

No more shall now thy mind be tost

By every breath of praise:

No more thy reason shall be lost

In controversy's maze.

Thou safe thro' life's sequester'd vale shalt go,

And learn from nature's works her wise decrees to
know.

Powis.

To Sylvia.

Thy prudence, Sylvia, I've observ'd,

My sweetest dearest fair;

Nor corks thy hinder-parts compose,

Nor lofty forms thy hair,

But clad in such modest array,

As ornament thy frame,

From Lady's folly turned aside

To wisdom's brightest beam.

Nor paint her tender cheek adorns,

Nor art it's beauty give:

By nature, glowing in her face,

The rose and lily live.

But yet, my fair, one question solve:

Had nature not been free,

To give thee all these native charms,

Wouldst thou not painted be?

Too well I know thy steady mind,

To harbour such a thought,

Too often prov'd thy constancy,

To leave one single doubt.

E p i t a p h

on Mrs. Clarke

in a country-church-yard in Kent.

Lo! where th's silent marble weeps,
A friend — a wife — a mother sleeps,
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell:
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there:
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound, she left behind:
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe,
Whom what awaits, while thus he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear,
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
'Till time shall every grief remove
With life, with mem'ry and with love.

Gray.

To the memory of a gentleman, who
died on his travels to Rome.

Langton, dear partner of my soul,
Accept, what pious passion meditates,
To grace thy fate. Sad memory
And grateful love and impotent regret
Shall wake, to paint thy gentle mind,
Thy wise good-nature, friendship delicate
In secret converse, native mirth
And sprightly fancy, sweet artificer
Of social pleasure, nor forgot
The noble thirst of knowledge and fair fame,
That led thee far through foreign climes
Inquisitive: but chief the pleasant banks
Of Tiber, ever-honour'd stream,
Detain'd thee, visiting the last remains
Of ancient art, fair forms exact
In sculpture, columns and the moul'dring bulk
Of theaters. In deep thought rapt,
Of old renown thy mind survey'd the scenes
Delighted, where the first of men
Once dwelt, familiar Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato and the patriot mind
Of faithful Brutus, best philosopher.
Well did the generous search employ

Thy blooming years, by Virtue crown'd, though
Death

Unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,
A helpless stranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye cheer'd thy last pangs.
O worthy longest day! for thee shall flow
The pious solitary tear,
And thoughtful friendship sadden o'er thine urn.

Shiplay.

A favourite long. *)

The mind of bright Sukey's a jewel,
Well set in a delicate frame:
But Annama pleases me to well,
To examine, what causes my flame.
The charms of dear Sukey inspire me,
Her face, shape and wit I adore:
But Annama's smiling eyes fire me,
I ne'er felt such rapture before.

*) Lady's Magazine. May 1783.

The one ev'ry grace is so good in,
 Each word and each look I approve:
 The other so smiles on a sudden,
 I only know this, that I love.
 His measure (with Sukey) time loses;
 Hours glide like the minutes away:
 But if Anna her presence refuses,
 One moment appears a whole day.

To music when Sukey light bounds,
 My fancy too dances the ways:
 But when Annama's spinnet resounds,
 It is on my heart-springs, she plays.
 One sister my head so possesses,
 My reason with her would take part:
 The other that rebel surpresses,
 And absolute reigns in my heart.

Petherton - Bridge, *)
an Elegy,

inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Bean, of Stoke-Sub-
hamdon, Somerset.

O Bean, whose fond connubial days
A beauteous infant-race attend!

Say, wilt thou once more aid my lays,
And join the patron to the friend?

But not o'er bright Aonian plains,
Enraptur'd, as we us'd, to roam;
The Muse each joyous thought restrains,
And calls her wing'd ideas home.

The wedded pair for children pray:
They come, fair blessings from the skies.
What rapture gild the halcyon day!
What joys in distant azure rise!

*) Tradition holds, that the catastrophe, alluded to in this elegy, happened about two centuries ago, of which the sculpture is yet to be seen at the above-mentioned bridge, near South-Petherton, Somerset.

But ah! enamour'd as they view
The smiling hopeful infant-train,
Unseen, misfortune marks his due,
Unheard, he threatens the heart with pain,

Had sad disaster ne'er ensnar'd
The soft, the innocent and young,
The tender Muse had gladly spar'd
The little heroes of her song.

See'st thou the limpid current glide
Beneath yon bridge, my hapless theme,
Where brambles fringe its verdant side,
And willows tremble o'er the stream?

From Petherton it takes its name,
From whence two smiling infants stray'd:
Led by the stream they hither came,
And on the flowery margin play'd.

Sweet victims! must your short-liv'd day
So soon extinguish in the wave,

And point the setting sun his way,
That glimmer'd o'er your wat'ry grave?

As each, by childish fancy led,
Crop'd the broad daises, as they sprung,
Lay stretch'd along the verdant bed,
And sweetly ply'd the lisping tongue;

Lo! from the spray-deserted steep,
Where either way the twigs divide,
The one roll'd headlong to the deep,
And plung'd beneath the closing tide.

The other saw, and from the land,
(While nature imag'd strange distress)
Stretch'd o'er the brink his little hand,
The fruitless signal of redress.

The offer'd pledge, without delay,
The struggling victim rose and caught:
But ah! invain — their fatal way
They both descended swift as thought.

Short was the wave - oppressing space:

Convuls'd with pains, too sharp to bear,
 Their lives dissolv'd in one embrace,
 Their mingled souls flew up in air.

Lo! there yon time-worn sculpture shews

The sad, the melancholy truth,
 What pangs the tortur'd parent knows,
 What snares await defenceless youth.

Here, not to sympathy unknown,

Full oft the sad Muse, wandering near,
 Bends silent o'er the mossy stone,
 And wets it with a willing tear.

Gerrard.

V e r s e s,

sent to Dr. Young not long before the Author's
 death.

Kind companion of my youth,
 Lov'd for genius, worth and truth!
 Take, what friendship can impart,

Tribute of a feeling heart!
 Take the Muse's latest spark,
 Ere we drop into the dark!
 He, who parts and virtue gave,
 Bade thee look beyond the grave:
 Genius foars, and virtue guides,
 Where the love of God presides.
 There's a gulph 'twixt us and God:
 Let the gloomy path be trod;
 Why stand shivering on the shore?
 Why not boldly venture o'er?
 Where unerring virtue guides,
 Let us brave the winds and tides:
 Save thro' seas of doubts and fears
 Rides the bark, which virtue steers.

Melcombe.

B a l a a m,
 or the antiquity of scandal.

When Moab's wiles had fail'd to move
 The virtuous strength of Israel's heart,
 From honour, faith and filial love
 He flew for aid to Balaam's art.

Balaam, the wizzard of the land,
 Dreaded for necromantic power,
 Cou'd each malignant star command,
 And blast the hero's natal hour.

O'er matrons and the virtuous throng
 Of virgins chaste his 'poisonous breath
 Like a black vapour pass'd along,
 Imbru'd with fame-destroying death.

To pall the taste, to dim the eyes,
 Each philter'd juice he cou'd compose,
 Cou'd make Avernial streams arise,
 And taint the breath of Charon's rose.

Fame's trump he bore of crooked form,
 Channell'd and scoop'd on ev'ry side,
 (Like Scylla's rock) for scandal's storm
 To swell, redouble and divide.

Thro' this the ear receiv'd his spell
 In many a harsh discording note,

While Obloquy with voice of hell
Bark'd from her tripple-sounding throat.

Thus fraught with arts, corrupt with bribes,
Incested by ambitious lust,
He deem'd to wither Rachel's tribes,
And strow disgrace on Jacob's dust.

Envelop'd in a gloomy cloud,
The dread inchanter took his stand,
And blew th'infernal trump aloud
From the high places of the land:

A thousand miscreated forms
Sudden obscur'd the morning's face,
Dire sounds were heard, and rising storms
Shook the wide region's solid base.

Again he blows the drump of death:
Envy her matted tresses shakes,
Dispersing with a Fury's breath
Her many spotted brood of snakes.

The

The basilisk with poisonous eye,
 The asp, with sleepy venom arm'd,
 The Hydra's many-headed cry,
 And stubborn adder never charm'd.

The third the final blast he try'd,
 And breath of Stygian vapour blew,
 To raise corrupting mists, and hide
 The promis'd land from Israel's view.

But heaven averts, and from its youth
 Detaches swift th'angelic power,
 Guardian of innocence and truth,
 Of Jacob's sons and Rachel's dower.

Thro' the dark air his visage beam'd
 With rays of that primaeval light,
 Which, ere the starry hosts were fram'd,
 Shone thro' the deep abyfs of night.

„Fly hence, he cry'd, ye boding train,
 „That wing the air with harpy sound,

„No haunts, to shelter birds obscene ,

„No blemish is in Israel found.

„Here, plum'd in gold, each warbling throat

„Shall hail the turtle's bridal nest,

„Here Philomel in softer note

„Shall sing the widow'd dove to rest

„Cease then, ye vizard-eyes, to roll,

„Ye spells, like shooting meteors die,

„Begot in regions dark and foul,

„Expiring in a purer sky.“

He spoke: each midnight-monster fled,

The sun illum'd his silver-sphere,

Ambrosial sweets their fragrance shed,

And sounds seraphic fill'd the air.

„How beautiful are the blooming vales,

„Pavilion'd o'er with Israel's powers,

„As gardens, fann'd by fostering gales,

„Chear'd by the sun, and nurs'd by showers!

„How beauteous on the rising hills
 „His tents like spiring cedars stand,
 „With verdure fresh from falling rills,
 „And planted by Jehovah's hand!

„Behold, ten thousand banners flow,
 „And glitter to the wafting gale,
 „All spotless as the new-born snow,
 „And pure as Rachel's nuptial veil!

„Who can compute the drifting sands,
 „That march on winds o'er Lybia's coast,
 „Or number Jacob's warrior hands,
 „Or count the stars of Israel's host?

„The future fire shall clasp his boy,
 „And point to each illustrious name:
 „Matrons shall mark, with listening joy,
 „Their daughters songs on Rachel's fame.

„The hoary sage shall often trace
 „From records of prophetic verse

„The lasting line of Jacob's race,
 „And to the growing age rehearse.

„Thy sons the promis'd realms shall sway,
 „And scepter'd hands from Judah spring,
 „Till time unrolls the distant day,
 „When Shiloh shall again be king.“

Song to Phillis.

Phillis, we not grieve, that Nature,
 Forming you, has done her part,
 And in every single feature
 Shew'd the utmost of her art.

But in this, it is pretended,
 That a mighty grievance lies,
 That your heart shou'd be defended,
 Whilst you wound us with your eyes.

Love's a senseless inclination,
 Where no mercy's to be found,

But is just, where kind compassion
Gives us balm, to heal the wound.

Perfians, paying solemn duty
To the rising sun, inclin'd,
Never would adore his beauty,
But in hopes, to make him kind.

Walsh.

T r u e B e a u t y.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze
Disputes the palm with beauty's queen:
Not beauty's queen commands such praise,
Devoid of virtue, if she's seen.

But the soft tear in pity's eye
Outshines the diamond's brightest beams,
But the sweet blush of modesty
More beauteous than the ruby seems.

Fordyce.

The Metamorphose.

With rolling time that all things change,
Has oft been said, and oft been sung:
One instance more! the difference strange
'Twixt Witwood old and Witwood young!

In youth, compound of curls and lace,
Of giggle, fidget and of froth,
One smiler dimpled in his face,
No butterfly more void of wrath.

Pleas'd with himself, with all well-pleas'd,
The flutterer scarce could give offence,
Or if he teaz'd, with naught he teaz'd,
But simple pure impertinence.

Now view him in declining age
Assume the sour satyric frown,
On friends and foes discharge his rage,
The very Scarecrow of the town.

So flies, in frisk and buzz and play,
 That harmless through the summer past,
 When ready, to be swept away,
 Grow blind, and sting us at the last.

Barclay.

The Furniture of a Woman's Mind.

A set of phrases, learnt by rote,
 A passion for a scarlet - coat,
 When at a play, to laugh or cry,
 Yet cannot tell the reason why,
 Never to hold her tongue a minute,
 While all, she prates, has nothing in it,
 Whole hours can with a coxcomb fit,
 And take his nonsense all for wit.
 Her learning mounts, to read a song,
 But half the words pronouncing wrong,
 Hath ev'ry repartee in store,
 She spoke ten thousand times before,
 Can ready compliments supply
 On all occasions, cut and dry,
 Such hatred to a parson's gown,
 The sight will put her in a swoon.

For conversation well endu'd ,
She calls it witty , to be rude ,
And placing raillery in railing ,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing ,
Nor makes a scruple , to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose ,
Can at her morning - tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before ,
Improving hourly in her skill ,
To cheat and wrangle at quadrille ,
In chusing lace a critic nice ,
Knows to a groat the lowest price ,
Can in her female clubs dispute ,
What linen best the silk will suit ,
What colours each complexion match ,
And where with art to place a patch ,
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight ,
Can finely counterfeit a fright ,
So sweetly screams , if it comes near her ,
She ravishes all hearts , to hear her ,
Can dext'rously her husband teize
By taking fits , whene'er she please ,
By frequent practice learns the trick ,
At proper seasons to be sick ,
Thinks , nothing gives one airs so pretty ,
At once creating love and pity.

If Molly happens, to be careless,
 And but neglects, to warm her hair-lace,
 She gets a cold as sure as death,
 And vows, she scarce can fetch her breath,
 Admires, how modest women can
 Be so robustious, like a man.

Swift.

Inscription on a Summer-house.

Not wrapt in smoky London's fulphurous clouds,
 And not far distant, stands my rural cot,
 Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
 Nor for the good and friendly too remote:

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
 Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy,
 Swift, as my changing wish, I shift the scene,
 And now the country, now the town enjoy.

West.

The Nightingale.

I.

The nightingale as soon, as April bringeth
Unto her rested sence a perfect walking,
While late bare earth, proud of new cloathing,
springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song - book
making,

And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expresth,
What grief her breast oppresseth,
For Thereus' force on her chaste will prevailing.

O Philomela fair! o take some gladness,
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness.
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.

II.

Alaz! she hath no other cause of anguish,
But Thereus' love, on her by strong-hand
wroken,

Wherein she suffering, all her spirits languish,
 Full woman-like, complains, her will was
 broken.

But I, who, daily craving,
 Cannot have, to content me,
 Have more cause, to lament me,
 Since wanting is more woe, than too much
 having.

O Philomela fair! o take some gladness,
 That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness.
 Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
 Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth.
 Sidney.

The loving lass and spinning-wheel.

As I sat at my spinning-wheel,
 A bonny lad was passing by:
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For trouth! he had a glancing eye.

My heart, new panting, 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindnefs he drew near,
And ftill mair lovely did appear,
And round about my slender waste
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd,
To kifs my hand, fyne down did kneel,
As I fat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extoll,
And prais'd my fingers long and fmall,
And faid, there was nae lady fair,
That ever could with me compare.
These words into my heart did ftial,
But ftill I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

Although I feemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But ftill declar'd his love the mair,
Until my heart was wounded fair,
That I my love could fcarce conceal,
But ftill I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
My winnells, and my spinning-wheel,

He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead:

My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
And whisper'd: rise, my bonny maid,
And with me to yon hay-colk go,
I'll teach thee better wark to do.

In trouth, I lov'd the motion weel,
And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay
Then with my bonny lad I lay.
What lassie, young and soft as I,
Could sic a handsome lad deny?

These pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpass my spinning-wheel.

Ramsay.

To the Night.

Hold back thy hours, dark night, till we have done!

The day will come too soon:

Young maids will curse thee, if thou stealst away,

And leav'st their losses open to the day.

Stay, stay, and hide

The blushes of the bride!

Stay, gentle night, and with thy darkness cover

The kisses of her lover!

Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings,

Her weak denials, vows and often dyings!

Stay, and hide all,

But help not, tho' she call!

S o n g

to the tune of the Spanish song: si tu, senhora,
no dueles de mi.

O fair! o sweet! when I do look on thee,

In whom all joys so well agree,

Heart and soul do sing in me.

This you hear, is not my tongue,

Which once said, what I conceived;

For it was of use bereaved,
 With a cruel answer stung.
 No! though tongue to roof be cleaved,
 Fearing, lest he chastised be,
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair! o sweet! &c.

Just accord all musick makes,
 In thee just accord excelleth,
 Where each part in such peace dwelleth,
 One of other beauty takes.
 Since then truth to all minds telleth,
 That in thee lives harmony,
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair! o sweet! &c.

They, that heav'n have known, do say,
 That, who so that grace obtaineth,
 To see, what fair sight there reigneth,
 Forced are, to sing alway:
 So then, since that heav'n remaineth
 In thy face, I plainly see,
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

O fair! o sweet! &c.

Sweet! think not, I am at ease,

For because my chief part singeth:
 This song from death's sorrow springeth,
 As do swans in last disease;
 For no dumbness, nor death bringeth
 Stay to true love's melody:
 Heart and soul do sing in me.

Sidney.

S o n g
 of a distressed mother.

Enjoy, my child, the balmy sleep,
 Which o'er thy form new beauty throws,
 And long thy tranquil spirit keep
 A stranger to thy mother's woes!
 Tho' in distress,
 I feel it less,
 While gazing on thy sweet repose.

Condemn'd to pangs like inward fire,
 That thro' my injur'd bosom roll,
 How would my heart in death desire

Relief

Relief from fortune's hard controul,
 Did not thy arms
 And infant charms
 To earth enchain my anxious soul!

Flow fast, my tears! — by you reliev'd,
 I vent my anguish thus unknown:
 But cease, e'er ye can be perceiv'd
 By this dear child, to pity prone,
 Whose tender heart
 Would seize a part
 In grief, that should be all my own!

Our cup of woe, which angels fill,
 Perchance it is my lot to drain,
 While that of joy, unmix'd with ill,
 May thus, my child, for thee remain:
 If thou art free,
 (So heaven decree!)
 I bless my doom of double pain.

Hayley.

Cadwallo and Elmira.

The thorn, still springing with the flow'r,
Is seen in blytheft May,
And oft, too oft, a gloomy hour
O'ercasts the brightest day.

Sweet was Elmira, peerless maid,
As op'ning spring, that blows,
And on her cheek were bright display'd
The lily and the rose.

Of mighty chiefs of noble race
Full many a love had she:
But, till she view'd Cadwallo's face,
Her virgin-heart was free.

Fairest of all the Saxon train
The nymphs Elmira crown'd,
And first of Britain's valiant strain
Was fam'd Cadwallo found.

'Twas in a sad and luckless hour,
That dire contention rose,
And call'd to arms the British pow'r,
And made the Saxons foes.

With steely squadrons shining bright,
While Medway's shore appears,
Cadwallo through the shades of night
His lov'd Elmira bears;

When, as a cruel hostile band
Their bootless flight pursu'd,
Resign'd to heav'n's almighty hand,
They plung'd into the flood.

The billows rose, the winds blew high,
And chang'd its peaceful form,
While hover'd o'er with dismal cry
The spirit of the storm.

Far off the elemental strife
The weak Elmira bore,
And cast Cadwallo, loathing life,
Upon a naked shore.

The Britons there afford relief,
But soothe the youth invain:
A prey to heart-corroding grief,
He quits the friendly train;

Nor arms amongst the martial host

The mourning chieftain bears,

But fighting for Elmira lost,

To gloomy shades repairs.

No hermit of the lonely cell

From lofty thoughts more free,

Nor saints, with solitude who dwell,

Were more recluse than he.

And oft'times by the bubbling brook

Contemplative he lay,

And por'd upon some ancient book,

Or sigh'd the hours away.

Now twice six times her blunted horns

The waning moon renew'd,

And the glad earth the sweet returns

Of varying seasons view'd;

When, as at noon the sun blaz'd high,

Close standing by his side,

With pensive air and down-cast eye

A comely youth he spy'd.

And though he wont, from human face
To fly with wild amaze,
Charm'd with some strange and unknown grace,
He stopp'd a while to gaze.

„ What mak'st thou here, o youth, he said,
Where sorrow seeks repose?
Art thou by faithless friend betray'd,
Or fly'st from foreign foes?

Or for some maid with love and truth,
Say, dost thou fight invain? “
While thus he spoke, the fainting youth
Sunk prostrate on the plain.

His needful aid he hastes to give,
And opes the lighten'd vest:
When Zephyr bade the fair revive,
Elmira rose confest.

'Twas she, in more than wonted charms
By rip'ning time array'd,
And sinking in his circling arms,
Cadwallo clasps the maid.

Sav'd from the storm by cruel friends,
 Foes to the man, she lov'd,
 Her course through circling guards she bends,
 And thus her faith approv'd.

Today she stands in man's attire
 Fast by Cadwallo's side:
 Tomorrow with a lover's fire
 He clasps his blooming bride.

*Goldsmith, *)*

On modern Marriages.

When Phoebus was am'rous and long'd to be
 rude,
 Miss Daphne cry'd, pish! and ran swift to the
 wood,
 And rather, than do such a naughty affair,
 She became a fine laurel, to deck the god's hair.
 The nymph was, no doubt, of a cold constitution;
 For, sure, to turn tree, was an odd resolution.
 Yet in this she behav'd like a coterie-spouse,
 As she fled from his arms, to distinguish his brows.

*) St. James' Mag. Apr. 1779. 141.

The Midsummer-wish.

O Phoebus! down the western sky
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day!

Come, gentle eve, the friend of care,
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And chear me with a lambent light!

Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
 Her living carpet Nature spreads,
 Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
 In showers its fragrant foliage sheds!

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
 Let music die along the grove!
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And every strain be tun'd to love!

Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
 Come, born, to fill its vast desires!
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.

While, all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs murmuring brooks return!

Let me, when Nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

Johnson.

S o n g.

Vain are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair:
Give me the nymph, whose snow is spread
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defies:
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambush lies.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And amorous warmth inspire,

Thro' glass who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years
My peace or bliss destroy;
Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
And dead, she crowns my joy.

Elegy on Mrs. Bowes.

Hail, happy bride! for thou art truly blest:
Three months of pleasure crown'd with endless rest!
Merit like yours was heaven's peculiar care;
You lov'd — yet tasted happiness sincere:
The sweets of love to you were only shewn,
The sure, succeeding, bitter dregs unknown.
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender lover for th' imperious lord,
Nor felt the pangs, that jealous fondness brings,
Nor wept the coldness, from possession springs:
Above your sex, distinguish'd in your fate,
You trusted, yet experienc'd no deceit.
Swift were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure
flew:

No vain repentance gave a sigh to you,
And if superior bliss heav'n can bestow,
With fellow - angels you enjoy it now.

M. W. Montague.

Epigram from Marot, addressed
to Miss S — *).

A gentle no, said with a smile,
Is worth a thousand yesses:
Not but I languish all the while,
To taste your balmy kisses.

But when I seize that rapt'rous joy,
Pray, seemingly resist,
And whilst you willingly comply,
Cry out, I won't be kist!

*) London Chronicle 1777.

An Evening - ode
to Stella.

Evening now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts, she brings.
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed,
Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam,
Near the checquer'd lonely grove
Hears and keeps thy secrets, love!
Stella, thither let us stray!
Lightly o'er the dewy way
Phoebus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely Stella, far:
In his stead the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light,
Light, that serves but just, to shew
Breasts, that beat, and cheeks, that glow.
Let us now in whisper'd joy
Evening's silent hours employ;
Silence, best and conscious shades
Pleaze the hearts, that love invades.
Other pleasures give them pain;
Lovers all but love disdain.

Johnson.

An Epitaph on Bigotry.

Here lies (and may it here for ever lie!)
 The carcass of dead Piety,
 Shadow of grace, substantial sin,
 Religion's mask and gaudy drefs,
 The form and foe of holiness,
 The image and the plague of zeal divine.
 Its dwelling was the church; in double shape,
 Half was a murd'ring wolf and half a mimick ape.

Epitaphium monstri cujusdam,
 apud Anglos vulgo dicti Bigotry, terræ et
 tenebris mandati. Autore diu incognito,
 viro ingenioso et vere pio Johanne
 Reynolds.

„Hic jacet (semperque jaceat!)
 „ Pietatis cadaver,
 „ Improbitalis corpus,
 „ Religionis larva,
 „ Sanctimonie hostis et umbra,
 „ Divini imago zeli et pestis,
 „ Ecclesia simia simul et lupo.

A monster horrid to the sight,
 Hideous, deform'd and void of light.
 'Twas born at Rome,
 'Twas nurs'd at home
 In the dark cloisters of the Vatican,
 Its lungs inspir'd with heaving lies,
 Its bulk well fatten'd to prodigious size
 With gunpowder and blood of man.

Ancient inhabitant of Spain,
 And long in France a welcome guest,
 Over the continent and main,
 Over the old world and the new,

„ Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen
 ademptum.

„ Romæ antiquæ natum,
 „ Novæ in tutelam acceptum,
 „ In caliginosis Vaticani adytis
 „ Humano sanguine et pulvere pyrio
 „ Nutritum, faginaturn.

„ Hispanicæ ditionis incola,
 „ Gallicis deinde regionibus hospes
 „ Jamdudum gratissimis,

Mankind and money to pursue,
On dragons' wings the Harpy flew,
And gave its feet no rest.

All languages the Fury spake,
And did of either sex partake:
Flaming enlightner of the mind,
And headlong leader of the blind,
Oft' has it dragg'd the doubtful tongue to speak,
While the pain'd conscience left the truth behind.
By gibbet, sword and fire
It made whole tribes of men expire,
And to the skies their groaning ghosts it hurl'd,

„ Veteris quidem novique orbis,
„ Humani generis et commodi causa
„ Peregrinator assiduus.

„ Linguarum utpote quarumcunque peritus,
„ Sexus itidem utriusque particeps,
„ Mentium illuminator flammeus,
„ Acutissimis dubitantium ductor,
„ Qui laqueis, ensibus incendiisque
„ Reluctantium animarum catervas
„ Festinas in cœlum amandat,
„ Celerrimus orbis converfor,

A swift converter of the world.
 Dext'rous in all the arts of blood,
 Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
 Mysterious mischief, plots of state,
 Those murd'rous engines, to destroy the good.

(The Muse here tiring begs the reader's leave, to release herself from the bonds and labours of rhyme and metre by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in prose.)

Under the name and habit of the church,
 Under the countenance and clothing of a sheep
 It became the most savage and rampant

„ Conspirationum exitialium,
 „ Verarum pariter ac simulatarum
 „ (Mali revera machinarum infandi)
 „ Artifex dexterrimus.

„ Ecclesiæ sub nomine et cultu,
 „ Subpelle ovina et vultu,
 „ Libertatis penitus ecclesiasticæ,
 „ Commericii pene civilis
 „ Ac societatis humanæ
 „ Indomitus vastator et prado.

Plund'rer and waster of human society,
 Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
 And left religious liberty expiring.

A warrior, well furnish'd
 With all arts politick and polite,
 With the knotty embarrassments of criticism,
 The hamp'ring chains and subtilties of logick
 And the jav'lines of pen and tongue,
 With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons
 And all the artillery of the schools and gown.

„ Artibus politis politicisque,
 „ Critices nexibus logicæque strophis,
 „ Calamorum linguæque telis,
 „ Conciliorum canonumque bombardis,
 „ Cæterisque gentis togatæ armamentis
 „ Bellator instructissimus.

„ Cui furor ac odium ac nefas
 „ Fastusque ac seculi amor,
 „ Perjuria piæque fraudes,
 „ Truculenta partium studia,
 „ Implicitæ fidei tyrannidisque,
 „ Obsequii proinde passivi,
 „ Ignorantiæ ac moriæ encomia
 „ Comites fuerunt solennes.

Fury, hatred and mischief,
 Love of this world, pride and disdain,
 With perjuries, falsehoods and pious frauds
 And raging party-zeal
 Were its necessary and everlasting attendants,
 High encomiums and endless applause
 Of guides infallible and faith implicit,
 Of hereditary and divine right,
 Of unlimited pow'r and passive obedience
 To tyrant priests and kings,
 With the immortal praise and merit
 Of stupid ignorance and blind submission
 Were heralds, to prepare its way.

„ Cui nugæ tricæque, calendæ,
 „ Quisquiliæ, diræ exequiæque,
 „ Bullæ minantes et bruta fulmina
 „ Vota sacrilega ac legendæ,
 „ Jecur theologicum bilisque
 „ Aspera æque ac atra,
 „ Pompæ theatrales ritusque
 „ Obsoleti simul et decentes
 „ Cordi fuere et cibo.

Trifles and tricks and solemn fooleries,
 Legends and filly tales,
 Old almanacks and mouldy musty relicks,
 Sweepings of ancient tombs,
 Vows, pilgrimages, charms and consecrations,
 Rites obsolete and novel ceremonies
 Both decent and indecent,
 Monkish vows and superstitious austerities,
 With words of sacerdotal absolution
 And sacerdotal vengeance,
 Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curses,
 Roaring bulls and vain thunders,
 Mixt up with priestly choler bitter and black,
 Were its delicious food.

„ Ordinis ut plurimum clericalis,
 „ Gregis potissimum Loyolitici,
 „ Congregationis præterea venerandæ
 „ De propaganda per orbem fide
 „ Coccenatus antistes.

„ Nobilissimæ inquisitionis curiæ,
 „ (Solertissimæ hæreticorum muscipulæ)
 „ Primævus fundator et præses,
 „ Amplissimo cardinalium concessui,

(Now metre and rhyme proceed.)

A purple prelate, chosen to preside
Over the whole Ignation drove,
And all the clergy tribes beside,
All but the sacred few, that mix their zeal with love
In ev'ry diff'rent sect 'twas known,
It made the cassock and the cowl its own,
Now stalk'd in formal cloke, now flutter'd in the gown.

At what dark hour foe'er
The curst divan at Rome were met,
Catholick faith to propagate,
This monster fill'd the chair,
The conclave drefs'd in bonnets red,

„ Necnon sanctissimo S. R. ecclesie
„ Patri capitique
„ A secretioribus semper consiliis.

„ Christiani insuper orbis totius
„ Tam per orientales, quam occidentales
„ Mundi plagas

With three - crown'd tyrant at their head,
 Made it their privy - counsellor:
 The inquisition - court (a bloody crew,
 Artful to set the solemn trap,
 That lets no heretick escape)
 Owns it her president and founder too.

Oft', as the church in east or western lands,
 Rising against herself in arms,
 In her own blood imbru'd her hands,
 This chief led on th' unnatural war,
 Or did the bloody standards bear,
 Or found the fierce alarms,
 Victorious still. (And what can more be said
 Of all the living warriors or the heroes dead?)

, Misere secum militantis
 „ (Et quid , quæso , dicendum ?)
 „ Antesignanus semper triumphans.

„ Insulæ Britannicæ extraneis ab hostibus
 „ Pelagi mœnibus necnon ab navium
 „ Propugnaculis bene munitæ ,
 „ Bonis præterea domesticis ,
 „ Qua sacris , qua civilibus ,

Britain, a land, well stor'd with ev'ry good,
 That nature, law, religion gives,
 A land, where sacred freedom thrives,
 Bless'd isle, if her own weal she understood!
 Her sons immur'd with guardian Ocean sleep,
 And castles floating on the deep,
 Fenc'd from all foreign foes. O shame, o sin!
 Her sons had let this baleful mischief in,
 This hellish Fury, who with flatt'ring breath
 Did first divide and then devour,
 And made wild waste, where'er she spread her pow'r.
 Behold, she meets her fatal hour,
 And lies inchain'd in death.

„ (Bona si tandem sua noverit)

„ Omnium fortunatissimæ,

„ (Proh dolor! proh pudor!)

„ Intestinus divisor et helluo.

„ I, fuge, viator, malignum

„ Hujusce sepulchri vaporem!

„ Lætare, festina, et ora

„ Ne sphingi adeo nefandæ

„ Ullus in ævum

„ Resurrectionis concedatur locus!

Shout at the grave, o traveller!
 Triumphant joys, that reach the skies,
 Are here the justest obsequies:
 Shout thrice, then fly afar
 The pois'nous steams and stench of the sepulchre!
 Go, turn thy face to heav'n, and pray,
 That such a hateful monster never may
 Obtain a resurrection-day!

Watts.

S o n n e t.

Fair bosom, fraught with virtue's richest treasure,
 The nest of love, the lodging of delight,
 The bowre of bliss, the paradise of pleasure,
 The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright,
 How was I ravish'd with your lovely sight,
 And my frail thoughts, to rashly led astray,
 Whiles diving deep through amorous insight,
 On the sweet spoil of beauty they did prey?
 And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
 Whose harvest seem'd to hasten now apace,
 They loofely did their wanton wings display,

And there to rest themselves did boldly place.
 Sweet thoughts, I envy your so happy rest,
 Which oft I wish'd, yet never was so blest.

Spenser.

A Pastoral to a young Lady, upon her
 leaving and return to the country.

DAM. Say, while each scene so beautiful appears,
 Why heaves thy bosom, and why flow thy tears?
 See, from the clouds the spring descends in show'rs,
 The painted vallies laugh with rising flow'rs.
 Smoot flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs:
 The spring, flow'rs, floods conspire to charm our
 cares.

FLOR. But vain the pleasure, which the season
 yields,
 The laughing vallies or the painted fields.
 No more, ye floods! in silver-mazes flow,
 Smile not, ye flow'rs! no more soft breezes, blow!
 Far, Damon! far from these unhappy groves
 The cruel lovely Rosalinda roves.

DAM. Ah! now I know, why late the op'ning buds
 Clos'd up their gems, and sicken'd in the woods,

Beside what fountain, in what breezy bow'r
Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour.

FLOR. Soft, I adjure you by the skipping fawns,
By the fleet roes, that bound along the lawns,
Soft tread, ye virgin - daughters of the grove!
Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

DAM. Return, o virgin! and if proud disdain
Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain:
If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares,
Thick rise, ye sighs! in floods descend, ye tears!

FLOR. Return, o virgin! while in verdant mead
By springs we sport, or dream on flow'ry beds,
She weary wanders thro' the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lion's prey.

DAM. Ah! shield her, heav'n! your rage, ye
beasts! forbear;

Those are not limbs for savages to tear.
Adieu, ye meads! with her thro' wilds I go
O'er burning sands or ever-lasting snow:
With her I wander thro' the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lion's prey.

FLOR. Come, Rosalind! before the wintry clouds
Frown o'er th' aerial vault, and rush in floods,
Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rains.

DAM. Come, Rosalind! o come! then infantflow'rs
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by
yours:

By you the lily shall her white compose,
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose:
Each flow'ry mead and ev'ry tree shall bud,
And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.

FLOR. Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward
way,
While sultry furs infest the glowing day:
The sultry furs thy beauties may impair —
Yet haste away, for thou art now too fair.

DAM. Hark! from yon' bow'r what airs soft-war-
bled play!
My soul takes wing, to meet th'enchanted lay.
Silence, ye nightingales! — attend the voice;
While thus it warbles, all your songs are noise.

FLOR. See, from the bow'r a form majestic moves,
And smoothly gliding shines along the groves!
Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres?
A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears!

DAM. Shine forth, thou sun, bright ruler of the
day!
And where she treads, ye flow'rs, adorn the way!
Rejoice, ye groves! my heart, dismiss thy cares;
My goddess comes! my Rosalind appears!

Broome.

The Rose and Butterfly, a fable.

At day's early dawn a gay butterfly spy'd
A budding young rose, and he wish'd her his bride;
She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him — he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do;
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flowret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revisit his bride till the sun
Had less than one fourth of his journey to run.

The rose thus reproach'd him — „ Already so
cold!

„How feign'd, o you false one! the passion, you told?

„'Tis an age, since you left me.“ She meant a few
hours;

But such we'll suppose the fond language of flow'rs.

„I saw, when you gave the base vi'let a kiss:

„How — how could you stoop to a meanness like
this?

„Shall a low little wretch, whom we roses despise,

„Find favour, o love! in my butterfly's eyes?
 „On a tulip quite tawdry I saw your fond rape,
 „Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
 „Dull daffodils too were with ardour address'd,
 „And poppies ill-scented you kindly carefs'd.“

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,
 „That you're first to complain, I commend you,
 „my dear!

„But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
 „And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.“
 „I saw the boy Zephyrns rifle your charms,
 „I saw, how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms:
 „The honey-bee kifs'd you, you cannot disown,
 „You favour'd besides — o dishonour! — a drone:
 „Yet worse — 'tis a crime, that you must not deny,
 „Your sweets were made common, false rose, to
 „a fly.“

M O R A L.

This law long ago did Love's providence make,
 That ev'ry coquet should be curs'd with a rake.

Cunningham.

A Balade warnyng men, to beware of
deceitfull women.

Loke well aboute ye, that loviris be,
Let not your lustis lede you to dotage,
Be not enamoured on all thynges, ye se;
Sampson the forte and Salomon the sage
Decevid were for all ther grete courage,
Men demin it right, that thei se with eye,
Beware therefore, the blind eteth many' a flie.

I mene of women; for all ther cheres queint
Trust them not to moch, ther truthe is but trefon,
The fairist outward wel can thei ypaint,
Ther stedfastnesse endurith but a feson,
For thei faine frendlines and worchin trefon,
And for thei are chaungable natu'rally,
Beware therefore, the blind eteth many' a flie.

What wight on lyve ytrustith on ther cheres,
Shall have at last his guerdon and his mede;
Thei can shave nerir than rasours or sheres:
Al is not gold, that shinith, men take hede,
Their galle is hid undir a sugrid wede.
It is but queint ther fantasie to' aspie,
Beware therefore, the blind eteth many' a flie.

Though all the worlde doe his busie cure,
To make women standin in stablenesse,

It would not be; it is against nature.
 The worlde is doe, when thei lacke doublenes,
 For thei laugh and lov'd not, this is expresse;
 To trust on them, it is but fantasie,
 Beware therefore, the blind eteth many' a flie.

Women of kindè hath condicions thre:
 The first is that thei be full of disseite,
 To spinnin also is ther propertie,
 And women have a wondirfull conseite,
 For thei can wepe oft, and all is a sleite,
 And when thei list, the tere is in the eye,
 Beware therefore, the blind eteth many' a flie.

In soth to faie, though all the yerth so wanne
 Wer parchement smoth, white and scribabell,
 And the gret se, that called is the' Ocean,
 Were tournid into ynke blackir then sabell,
 Eche sticke a pen, eche man a scrivener abel,
 Not coud thei writin woman's trechirie,
 Beware therefore, the blind eteth many' a flie.

Chaucer.

T h e C o q u e t t e.

When tortur'd by the cruel fair,
 And almost mad with wild despair,

My fleeting spirits rove,
 One cordial glance restores her slave,
 Redeems me from the gaping grave,
 And fooths my soul to love.

Thus in a sea of doubt I'm tost,
 Now sunk, now thrown upon the coast:
 What wretch can long endure
 Such odd perplexing pangs as these,
 When neither mortal the disease,
 Nor yet complete the cure?

Proud tyrant! since to save or kill
 Depends on thy capricious will,
 This milder sentence give!
 Reverse my strange untoward fate!
 Oh! let me perish by thy hate,
 Or by thy kindness live!

Somerpile.

Bacchanalian song.

I.

Come, fill me a glass, fill it high!
 A bumper, a bumper I 'll have.

He's a fool, that will flinch: I 'll not bate an inch,
Tho' I drink myself into my grave.

II.

Here's a health to all those jolly souls,
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no danger controls, but will take off their bowls,
And merrily stickle for more.

III.

Drown reason, and all such weak foes!
I scorn to obey her command;
Could she ever suppose, I'd be led by the nose,
And let my glass idly stand?

IV.

Reputation's a bugbear to fools,
A foe to the joys of dear drinking,
Made use of by tools, who'd set us new rules,
And bring us to politick thinking.

V.

V.

Fill them all, I 'll have fix in a hand;
 For I 've trifled an age away:
 'Tis invain to command; the fleeting sand
 Rolls on, and cannot stay.

IV.

Come, my lads! move the glafs! drink about!
 We 'll drink the universe dry,
 We 'll fet foot to foot, and drink it all out:
 If once we grow sober, we die.

Philips.

Just as you please, or the Incurious.

A Virtuoso had a mind, to see
 One, that would never discontented be,
 But in a careless way to all agree.
 He had a servant much of Æsop's kind,
 Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind.
 „ Humpus, “ says he, „ I order, that you find
 „ Out such a man with such a character,
 „ As in this paper, now I give you here,

„ Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
 „ Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate;
 „ For I will break your back, and set you straight.—
 „ Bring him to dinner!“ Humpus soon withdrew,
 Was safe, as having such a one in view
 At Covent-garden Dial, whom he found
 Sitting with thoughtless air and look profound,
 Who, solitary gaping without care,
 Seem'd to say, „ Who is it? wilt go any-where?“

Says Humpus, „ Sir, my master bad me pray
 „ Your company, to dine with him to-day.“
 He snuffs, then follows. Up the stairs he goes,
 Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
 But looking round him saw a handsome room,
 And did not much repent, that he was come.
 Close to the fire he draws an elbowchair,
 And lolling easy doth for sleep prepare.
 Incomes the family, but he sits still,
 Thinks, „ Let them take the other chairs, that will.“

The master thus accosts him : „ Sir, you're wet,
 „ Pray, have a cushion underneath your feet.“
 Thinks he, „ If I do spoil it, need I care?
 „ I see, he has eleven more to spare.“

Dinner is brought up: the wife is bid retreat,
 And at the upper end must be his seat.
 „ This is not very usual,“ thinks the clown,

„ But is not all the family his own?
 „ And why should I for contradiction's sake
 „ Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?
 „ If from his table she discarded be,
 „ What need I care? there is the more for me.“

After a while the daughter is bid to stand,
 And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
 Thinks he, „ The better from the fairer hand!“

Young master next must rise, to fill him wine,
 And starve himself, to see the booby dine.
 He does. The father asks, „ What have you there?
 „ How dare you give a stranger vinegar?“
 „ Sir, it was Champaigne, I gave him.“ — „ Sir, indeed!
 „ Take him, and scourge him, till the rascal bleed!
 „ Don't spare him for his tears or age; I'll try,
 „ If cat o' nine tails can excuse a lie.“

Thinks the clown, „ That it was wine, I do believe,
 „ But such young rogues are aptest to deceive:
 „ He is none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
 „ And how know I, but it may be for his good?“

When the dessert came on, and jellies brought,
 Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:
 They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous stuff,
 Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
 Humpus was ask'd, who made them? Trembling he
 Said, „ Sir, it was my lady, gave them me.“ —

„ No more such poison shall she ever give :
 „ I 'll burn the witch ; it 'en't fitting, she should live.
 „ Set faggots in the court ; I 'll make her fry ,
 „ And pray , good Sir ! may it please you to be by ? “

Then , smiling , says the clown , „ upon my life !
 „ A pretty fancy this , to burn one's wife !
 „ And since I find , it is really your design ,
 „ Pray , let me just step home , and fetch you mine . “

King.

T h e M e s s a g e .

Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me ,
 Which , oh ! too long have dwelt on thee :
 But if they there have learn'd such ill ,
 Such forc'd fashions
 And false passions ,
 That they be
 Made by thee
 Fit for no good fight , keep them still .

Send home my harmless heart again,
 Which no unworthy thought could stain:
 But if it be taught by thine,
 To make jestings
 Of protestings,
 And break both
 Word and oath,
 Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
 That I may know, and see thy lies,
 And may laugh and joy, when thou
 Art in anguish,
 And dost languish
 For some one,
 That will none,
 Or prove as false, as thou dost now.

Donne.

An Epistle to Mrs. Oldfield,
 of the Theatre royal.

While to your charms unequal verse I raise,
 Aw'd I admire; and tremble, as I praise;

Here Art and Genius new refinement need:
 Lift'ning they gaze, and as they gaze, recede,
 Can Art or Genius, or their pow'rs combin'd,
 But from corporeal organs sketch the mind?
 When sound embody'd can with shape surprise,
 The Muse may emulate your voice and eyes.

Mark, rival arts perfection's point pursue:
 Each rivals each, but to excel in you.
 The bust and medal bear the meaning face,
 And the proud statue adds the posture's grace:
 Imag'd at length, the bury'd heroine, known,
 Still seems to wound, to smile or frown in stone.
 As art would art, or metal stone surpass,
 Her soul strikes, gleaming, thro' Corinthian brass,
 Serene the faint in smiling silver shines,
 And Cherubs weep in gold o'er fainted shrines.
 If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
 Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow.
 Each look, each attitude new grace displays:
 Your voice and motion life and music raise.

Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
 She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines,
 Fair and more fair you ev'ry grace transmit,
 Love, learning, beauty, elegance and wit.
 Cæsar, the world's unrivall'd master, fir'd,
 In her imperial soul his own admir'd.

Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
 And felt not empire's loss in beauty's gain.
 Could the pale heroes your bright influence know,
 Or catch the silver -accents, as they flow,
 Drawn from dark rest by your enchanting strain,
 Each shade were lur'd to life and love again.

Say, sweet Inspirer! were each annal known,
 What living greatness shines there not your own?
 If the griev'd Muse by some lov'd empress rose,
 New strength, new grace it to your influence owes,
 If pow'r by war distinguish'd height reveals,
 Your nobler pride the wounds of fortune heals.
 Then could an empire's cause demand your care,
 The soul, that justly thinks, would greatly dare.

Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muse's praise:
 You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays.
 Warm thro' those eyes enliv'ning raptures roll,
 Sweet thro' each striking feature streams your soul.
 The soul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires:
 Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds each grace
 inspires.

Know then, if rank'd with monarchs here you
 stand,
 What fate declines, you from the Muse demand.
 Each grace, that shone of old in each fam'd fair,
 Or may in modern dames refinement wear,

Whate'er just, emulative thoughts pursue,
 Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd in you.
 If godlike bosoms pant for pow'r to bless,
 If 'tis a monarch's glory to redress,
 In conscious majesty you shine serene,
 In thought a heroine and in act a queen.

Savage.

The Widow's Wile.

A Tale.

Have you not seen (to state the case)
 Two wasps lie struggling in a glass?
 By the rich flavour of Tokay
 Allur'd, about the brim they play:
 They light, they murmur, then begin
 To lick, and so at length slip in
 Embracing close the couple lies,
 Together dip, together rise:
 You'd swear, they love, and yet they strive,
 Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd amours and real hate
 Attend the matrimonial state,

When sacred vows are bought and sold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.

A nymph there was, who ('tis averr'd
By fame) was born without a beard,
A certain sign (the learn'd declare)
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable to boys or men.
But from that era we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed,
Which, all love's chronicles agree,
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three;
For an old sot she call'd her mate
For jewels, pin-money and plate.
The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,
Had no more appetites to please:
That, which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie! — is ne'er enter'd in her head.

Yet some prolific planet smil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child,
Entitled by the law, to claim
Her husband's chattels and his name:
But was so like his mother, she
The queen of love, her Cupid he.

This matron fair for spouse deceas'd
Had sorrow'd fore a week at least,

And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls she now refrain'd,
To a dark room by custom chain'd,
And not a male for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.

The maids, so long in prison pent,
Ask leave to air: she gives consent;
For health is riches to the poor:
But Tom must stay to guard the door.
In reading Sherlock she'd employ
Her solitude, and tend the boy.

When Madam fees, the coast is clear,
Her spirits mantle and career,
Diffusing ardour thro' her mien:
Pity, they should condense to spleen!
But now by honour she's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind,
And on a masquerading morn
By fix securely could return,
Having, to seal him safe till nine,
With opium drugg'd her spouse's wine.
This the gay world no worse would hold,
Than had she only chang'd his gold:
The species answer'd all demands,
And only pass'd thro' other hands.

But honour now prescribes the law,
 The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
 For charity forbid to roam,
 And not a chitterling at home.
 What! a large stomach and no meat!
 In pity, love! provide a treat.
 Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,
 Like hags on visionary dishes?
 Impossible! thro' walls of stone
 Hunger will break to such a bone.
 Want oft' in times of old, we read,
 Made mothers on their infants feed,
 And now constrain'd this matron mild,
 To grow hard-hearted to her child.
 Her darling child she pinch'd : he squall'd :
 In haste the fav'rite footman's call'd,
 To pacify the peevish chit;
 For who but he could do the feat?
 He, smarting fore, refus'd to play,
 But bade man Thomas beat Mamma.
 She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame
 By various signs, that want a name.
 The lacky saw with trembling joy
 Gay humour dancing in her eye,
 And straight, with equal fury fir'd,
 Began th' attack. The dame retir'd,

And haply falling, as she fled,
 He beat her, till she lay for dead,
 But (with new vigour for the strife)
 Soon with a sigh return'd to life.

Think ye, she'd e'er forgive her son
 For what the naughty man had done?
 She did: yet, spited with his pain,
 He founds th' alarm to charge again.
 But, 'squire, consult your potent ally,
 Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally —
 Yes, blood is hot on either side:
 Another combat must be try'd.
 She knew, the foe could do no more,
 Than at the first attack she bore:
 So at his little malice smil'd,
 And cry'd, „come on, — to please the child!“

Fenton.

Repartees between Cat and Puss
 at a caterwauling. In the modern heroick
 way.

It was about the middle age of night,
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,

And Sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
 Gave weary'd Nature a restorative,
 When Pufs, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
 And sporting on delightful faggot-piles,
 Of bolting out of hushes in the dark,
 As ladies use at midnight in the Park,
 Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove
 For assignations in th' affairs of love.
 At once his passion was both false and true,
 And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
 He fancy'd, that he heard those am'rous charms,
 That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,
 To which he always brought an equal flame,
 To fight a rival, or to court a dame,
 And as in dreams love's raptures are more taking,
 Than all their actual engagements waking,
 His am'rous passion grew to that extream,
 His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
 Thought he, what place is this? or whither art
 Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart?
 But now I had her in this very place,
 Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace,
 And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
 I know not how, nor whither thou'rt escap'd.

Stay, and I 'll follow thee—With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch, on which he slept,
And, wing'd with passion, thro' his known purlieu
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,
Nor stopp'd, until his fire had him convey'd,
Where many an assignation he 'ad enjoy'd,
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
That long had stay'd and call'd, before he came,
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
But gripp'd so hard, he wounded, what he lov'd,
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd.
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress?
P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy pow'rful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
C. He, that does love, would set his heart atilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within;
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin,
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame th' effect, of which you are the cause.
C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis, my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being seen.

P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.

C. That's worse, than making cruelty a sport.

P. Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,

That sets it off to a more noble height.

C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,

That takes it up beforehand of his pain.

P. Pain is more dear, than pleasure, when 'tis past.

C. But grows intolerable, if it last.

P. Love is too full of honour to regard,

What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.

What knight durst ever own a lover's name,

That had not been half-murder'd by his flame?

Or lady, that had never lain at stake

To death or force of rivals for his sake?

C. When love does meet with injury and pain,

Disdain's the only med'cine for disdain.

P. At once I'm happy and unhappy too

In being pleas'd and in displeasing you.

C. Prepost'rous way of pleasure and of love,

That contrary to its own end would move!

'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy;

Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.

P. Enjoying and destroying are all one,

As flames destroy that, which they feed upon.

C. He never lov'd at any gen'rous rate,

That in th' enjoyment found his flame abate.

As wine (the friend of love) is wont, to make
The thirst more violent, it pretends to slake,
So should fruition do the lovers' fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.

P. What greater proof, that passion does transport,
When what I would die for, I'm forc'd to hurt?

C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,
And far below a fullen humour priz'd,
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at, than the gods,
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds:
But since you understand not, what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.

P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.

C. The darts of love, like light'ning, wound within,
And, tho' they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them, where they fly,
Tho' thro' the tend'rest part of all, the eye:
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew,
How tender I have been, how cruel you.

P. Pleasure is pain; for when it is enjoy'd,
All, it could wish for, was but to b' allay'd.

C. Force is a rugged way of making love.

P. What you like best, you always disapprove.

C. He, that will wrong his love, will not be nice:
T' excuse the wrong, he does, to wrong her twice.

P. No-

P. Nothing is wrong, but that, which is ill meant.

C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.

P. When you mistake that for an injury,
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.

C. You do not feel yourself the pain, you give:
But 'tis not that alone, for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of passion, that I blame,
That can be cruel, where you own a flame.

P. 'Tis you, are guilty of that cruelty,
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
For while you stifle, and inflame desire,
You burn, and starve me in the self-same fire.

C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't,
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt fun and fun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

Butler.

T o U r a n i a.

On her arrival at Jamaica, 1715.

Thro' yielding waves the vessel swiftly flies,
That bears Urania from our eager eyes,

A prize more rich, than Spain's whole fleets could
 boast
 From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coast.
 Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er
 With speed obsequious to a distant shore.
 There the glad natives on the crowded strand
 With wonder see the matchless stranger land:
 Transported glories in her features smile,
 And a new dawn of beauty gilds their isle.

So from the sea when Venus rose serene,
 And by the Nymphs and Tritons first was seen,
 The wat'ry world beheld with pleas'd surprise,
 O'er its wide waste new tracks of light arise:
 The winds were hush'd, the floods forgot to move,
 And nature own'd th' auspicious queen of love.

Hence forth no more the Cyprian isle be nam'd,
 Tho' for th' abode of that bright goddess fam'd.
 Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd so long
 Thro' ages past, are now the poets' song:
 The Graces there and Virtues fix their throne,
 Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The Muse, with her in thought transported, sees
 The op'ning scene, the bloomy plants and trees
 By brighter skies rais'd to a nobler birth,
 And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
 At her approach, like courriers doubly gay,

The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their strains,
 Unusual transports rais'd the cheerful swains,
 And joy returning echo'd thro' the plains.

Hughes.

O d e
 to the Countess de Genlis.

I.

No more let English pride arraign
 The Gallic Muse as light and vain,
 Whose trifling fingers can but weave
 The flimsy novel, to deceive
 Inaction's languid hour,
 Where sentiment, from nothing spun,
 Shines like a garden-cobweb in the sun,
 Thrown in autumnal nights o'er many a wither'd
 flower.

II.

Too often in the giddy fit
 Of wanton or satiric wit

The rash and frolic sons of France
 Have sketch'd the frivolous romance,
 While reason stood aloof,
 While modesty the work disclaim'd,
 And griev'd religion, with disdain inflam'd,
 On the licentious page pronounc'd her just reproof.

III.

The genius of the generous land
 Survey'd the vain fantastic band,
 And kindling with indignant pride,
 Athirst for genuine glory, cried:
 „ Too long have ye disgrac'd
 „ The Gallic name! — ye sophists, hence!
 „ A female hand shall expiate your offence,
 „ The wrongs, that ye have done to virtue, truth
 and taest:

IV.

„ Rise, my genius! those ills correct,
 „ That spring from this pernicious sect!
 „ To infancy's important years,
 „ That season of parental fears,

„ Devote thy varied page!
 „ Mould and defend the youthful heart
 „ Against the subtle soul-debasing art
 „ Of the sarcastic wit and self-intitl'd sage!

V.

Illumin'd with angelic zeal,
 And wishing nature's general weal,
 The lovely moralist arose.
 The flame, that from religion flows,
 Play'd round her pensive head:
 The tender virtues smiling strove,
 T'enrich the variegated web, she wove,
 Where wisdom's temperate hand the flowers of fancy
 spread.

VI.

The sisters of theatric power,
 Whose intermingled fun and shower
 Give to the stage in friendly strife
 Each touching charm of chequer'd life,
 Inspir'd the friend of youth:
 Arts, yet unknown to her, they taught,

To fix and charm quick childhood's trembling thought
With unexampled scenes of tendernefs and truth.

VII.

Her pathos is not proudly built
On splendid or impaffion'd guilt:
The little incidents, that rife,
As sportive youth's light feafon flies,
Her fimple drama fill.

Yet he, the fweet Socratic fage, *)
Who fteep'd in tears the wide Athenian ftage,
Fram'd not his moral fcene with more pathetic skill.

VIII.

In the rich novel's ampler field
Her genius rears a radiant shield,
With fancy's blazonry impreft,
Potent to fave the youthful breaft
From paffion's poison'd dart:
Like that, which Homer's gods produce,
Its high-wrought beauties shine with double ufe,
To charm the curious mind, and guard th' unwary heart.

N 4

*) Euripides.

IX.

Ye Fairies! 'twas your boast, to bind

In sweet amaze the infant - mind:

But scorning fiction's faded flower,

Behold, Genlis in magic power

Your forcery excells.

She, first of childhood's pleasing friends,

Arm'd with the force, that liberal science lends,

From art and nature frames her more attractive

spells. *)

X.

Lovely magician! in return

For the sweet tears of fond concern,

With moral pleasure's tender thrill

Awak'd by thy enchanting skill,

Accept this votive rhyme!

Spurn not a wreath of foreign hue,

Tho' rudely twin'd of humble flowers, that grew

In a sequester'd vale of Albion's wayward clime!

*) Alluding to the tale, intitled: „*La Fée de l'art*
„*et de la nature.*“

XI.

Think, if from Britain's churlish sky
 This verse to foreign genius fly,
 Think not, our letter'd females raise
 No titles to melodious praise —

Keen science cannot find
 One clime within the earth's wide zone,
 Whose daughters, Britain! have surpass'd thy own
 In the career of art, the triumphs of the mind.

XII.

This honest boast of English pride,
 Which meaner merit might deride,
 Will ne'er the just Genlis beguile
 Of one disdainful envious smile;

For envy ne'er conceal'd
 From her clear sight a rival's claim:
 Her voice has swell'd my fair compatriots' fame,
 Pleas'd with their glorious march o'er learning's
 varied field!

XIII.

Doubly, Genlis! may'st thou rejoice,
 Whene'er impartial glory's voice

Ranks with the happiest toils of men
 The graceful works of woman's pen,
 Tho' not of Gallic frame;
 For o! beneath whatever skies
 Records of female genius may arise,
 Those records must enfold thy fair and fav'rite name.

XIV.

In every clime, where arts have smil'd,
 Where'er the mother loves her child,
 And pants, with anxious zeal possess'd,
 To fortify the tender breast,
 And the young mind enlarge,
 From thy chaste page she'll learn the art,
 Fondly to play the sage preceptor's part,
 And draw her dearest joys from that important charge.

XV.

Whereever youth with curious view
 Instructive pleasure shall pursue,
 The little lively student there
 With rapt attention's keenest air
 Shall o'er thy volumes bend,
 And while his tears their charm confess,

His graceful voice shall in their author blefs
 The spirit - kindling guide, the heart - enchanting
 friend.

Hayley.

On Wit and Wisdom.

In search of wisdom far from wit I fly;
 Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
 In whose bewitching arms our early time
 We waste and vigour of our youthful prime:
 But when reflection comes with riper years,
 And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,
 We cast the mistress off, to take a wife,
 And wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

Philips.

Cupid and Chloe.

To deck her bosom, Chloe chose
 Before all flow'rs the blushing rose;
 It made her breasts more lovely shew,
 And added whiteness to their snow.

The tender nymph, herself a bud,
So much already understood.

But once, blest'd hour! she went, to see
The produce of the favourite tree.

A large and tempting rose she found,
Which spread its perfumes all around:

It seem'd, to court the virgin's hand.

The virgin did not long withstand:

She pluck'd --- but o! a sudden pain

Made her release the stalk again.

The wound appear'd, her finger bled,

And stain'd the rose with guilty red.

The nymph, with pain and anger mov'd,

Began to hate, what once she lov'd:

She sigh'd, she wept, and stamp'd, and swore,

She'd touch the odious tree no more,

When forth a little Cupid came,

T'appease the crying angry dame.

The angry nymph the god perceives,

Struggling through th' intangling leaves,

When from his fragrant ambuscade

He thus accosts the weeping maid:

Cease, Chloe, cease, and do not cry,

Nor blame the harmless tree; 'twas I.

'Twas I, that caus'd the little pain,

And I — will make it well again.

My mother bade me do't, and said,
 This herb would ease the suff'ring maid.
 Let it but to the place be bound,
 'Twill stop the blood, and heal the wound.
 But, Chloe, if so small a dart,
 And in the finger, gives such smart,
 What, madam --- if I'd pierc'd your heart?
 Cease then, to scorn my pow'r, and know
 By what I've done, what I can do.

Here he assum'd an awful look:
 He nodded thrice, his locks he shook,
 And mimic'd Jove in all, he spoke.
 With strenuous arm he twang'd his bow,
 He shew'd her all his quiver too.
 This, says the god, --- and this, the dart,
 That wounded such and such a heart.

The virgin saw, admir'd, believ'd,
 And bow'd --- The god with smiles reciev'd
 The adoration, which she pay'd,
 And wav'd his purple wings, and left the wond'ring
 maid.

My Chloe still can shew the scar,
 And boasts the god's peculiar care.
 She loves, and is belov'd again,
 Secure of pleasure, free from pain.
 I've seen the rose, adorn'd with blood,

Which from my Chloe's finger flow'd;
 I've seen the spring, where Cupid flood.
 I saw his little fragrant nest ---
 And Chloe told me all the rest.

To a Gentleman of seventy,
 who married a Lady of sixteen.

What woes must such unequal union bring,
 When hoary winter weds the youthful spring!
 You, like Mezentius,*) in the nuptial bed
 Once more unite the living and the dead.

Broome.

Pollio, an elegiac ode,
 written in the wood near R—castle.

The peaceful evening breathes her balmy store:
 The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green.

*) „The living and the dead at his command
 „Were coupled face to face and hand to hand..“

Dryden's Virg. Aen. VIH.

Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood

With solemn meditation let me stray;

This is the hour, when to the wise and good

The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale

Whispers the gently-waving boughs among:

The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,

And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,

The silver-empress of the night appears!

Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,

And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters, tumbling o'er their rocky bed,

Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound.

The lonely hearts blaze o'er the distant glade:

The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers:
Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling gale,
Dark solitude among the pillars lowers.

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
Where yon scath'd poplar through the window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;
There oft a dawn, as one forget behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer.

High o'er the pines, that with their darkening shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets: still its towery head
A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So midst the snow of age a boastful air
Still on the war-worn veteran's brow attends:

Still

Still his big bones his youthfull prime declare,
 Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flowers creep,
 Where oft the knights the beauteous dames have led:
 Gone is the bower, the grot a ruin'd heap,
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here, our fires exulting from the fight,
 Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
 Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight,
 Now lost to them, and ah! how chang'd to me!

This bank, the river and the fanning breeze
 The dear idea of my Pollio bring;
 So shone the moon through these soft-nodding trees,
 When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flowery lawn adorn,
 And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side,
 When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
 Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colours dy'd;

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore:
These were the emblems of his healthfull mind.
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright fancy all her wealth resign'd.

Him with the purest flames the Muse endow'd,
(Flames, never to th' illiberal thought ally'd)
The sacred sisters led, where virtue glow'd
In all her charms: he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows,
Bids each endearment fair as once to rife,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee,
Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening-dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours:

But now the hill, the river, crown'd with pines,
And fainted well have lost their cheering powers.

For thou art gone — my guide, my friend! Oh! where,
Where hast thou fled, and left me here behind?
My tenderest wish, my heart to thee was bare:
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void
The trackless shores, that never were repast!
Dread separation! on the depth untry'd
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast.

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes,
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire,
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies,
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought — the pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship and the virtuous tear,
The towering wish, that scorns the bounds of time,
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So, plant the wine on Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:
Yet there's a clime, where virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies.

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
With patience waits the rosy opening day:
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide
With chearful hope expects the morning ray.

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tost,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more.

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now perhaps frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish — yet surely not invain
Man's bosom glow's with that celestial fire,

Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire.

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, o my soul! still be thy dear employ:
Still thus to wander thro' the shades, be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood or sacred mount
In antient days the holy Peers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd.

Restor'd Creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains:
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose,
The flowery mountain sung: „Messiah reigns!“

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene,
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between!

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
 And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
 While midnight-silence wraps these drear abodes,
 And fooths me wandring o'er my kindred bones;

Let kindled fancy view the glorious morn,
 When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
 All Nature smiling, and, by angels borne,
 Messiah's cross, far blazing o'er the skies!

Mickle.

Verfes upon Mrs. Crewe.

Where the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
 By nature's most delicate pencil design'd,
 Where blushes unbidden and smiles without art
 Speak the softness and feeling, that dwell in the heart,
 Where in manners enchanting no blemish we trace,
 But the soul keeps the promise, we had from the face,
 Sure, philosophy, reason and coldness must prove
 Defences unequal, to shield us from love.
 Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, otell,
 By what wonderful art, by what magical spell

My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,
And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes,
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more?
Is't reason? No, that my whole life will belye;
For who so at variance, as reason and I?
Is't ambition, that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part?

Oh no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.

Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,

Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?

For alike in this only employment and pain,

Both slacken the springs of those nerves, which they strain.

That I've felt each reverse, that from fortune can
flow,

That I've tasted each bliss, that the happiest know,

Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,

Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.

But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure and
pain,

I am still but too ready, to feel them again:

If then for this once in my life I am free,

And escape from a snare, might catch wiser, than me,

'Tis, that beauty alone but imperfectly charms;

For tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness, that
warms.

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendor we
praise,

So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only the heart can inflame.

Fox.

A Fit of the Spleen.

In Imitation of Shakespeare.

Farewell, vain world! and thou, its vaineſt part,
O lovely woman, fram'd for man's deſtruction!
Beauty like nightſhade to the teeming wife,
If ſeen, gives wiſhes reſtleſs, endleſs longings,
If taſted, death. Too hard decree of fate,
That life muſt be a burthen, or muſt end!
Farewell, vain world, dwelling of illſ and fears,
Full of fond hopes, falſe joys and ſad repentance!
For though ſometimes warm fancy lights a fire,
That, mounting upwards, darts its pointed head
Up through the unoppoſing air to heav'n,
Yet then comes thought and cold conſideration,

Lame afterthought, with endless scruples fraught,
 Benumm'd with fears, to damp the goodly blaze.
 Farewell, vain world! — Yet, ere I die, I'll find
 Contentment's seat, unknown to guilt or sorrow.
 Hast then, for nimble death pursues me close:
 Methinks, I hear his steps, though trod in air.
 My fluttering soul seems like a bird entrapp'd,
 That beats his wings against the prison-walls,
 And fain would be at liberty again.
 And oft the death-watch with ill-boding beats
 Hath warn'd me, that my time would soon expire,
 And that life's thread, ne'er to be wound up more,
 Would by the spring of fate be quickly drawn
 To its full stretch — Hast then, and let me find
 A shelter, that may shut out noise and light,
 Save one dim taper, whose neglected snuff,
 Grown higher than the flame, shall with its bulk
 Almost extinguish it. No noise be there,
 But that of water, ever friend to thought.

Hail, gloomy shade, th' abode of modesty,
 Void of deceit! No glittering objects here
 Dazzle the eyes, and thou, delightful silence,
 Silence, the great Divinity's discourse,
 The angels' language and the hermits' pride,
 The help of waking wisdom and its food!
 In thee philosophers have justly plac'd

The sovereign good, free from the broken vows,
 The calumnies, reproaches and the lies
 Of which the noisy babbling world complains.
 (*) So the struck deer, with some deep wound oppress'd,
 Lies down, to die, the arrow in his breast:
 There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
 Inly he bleeds, and pants his life away.

Ibbot.

P r o l o g u e

to the King and Queen upon the union
 of the two Companies in 1686.

Since faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
 Their penny-scribes take care, t'inform the nation,
 How well men thrive in this or that plantation,
 How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
 And Carolina's with associators,
 Both e'en too good for madmen and fortraitors.
 Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
 And ev'ry age produces such a store,
 That now there's need of two New-Englands more.

*) These four lines are said to be added by Mr. Pope.

What's this, you'll say, to us and our vocation?
 Only thus much, that we have left our station,
 And made this theatre our new plantation:
 The factious natives never cou'd agree,
 But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
 Those play-house-Whigs set up for property.
 Some say, they no obedience paid of late,
 But would new fears and jealousies create,
 Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.
 Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling,
 Might guess, 'twould end in downright knoks and
 quelling;

For feldom comes there better of rebelling.

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
 For lawless pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar:
 There's a damn'd word, that rhimes to this, call'd
 charter.

But since the victory with us remains,
 You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains,
 If you'll not think us faucy for our pains.
 Old men shall have good old plays, to delight'em,
 And you, fair ladies and gallants, that slight'em,
 We'll treat with good new plays, if our new wits can
 write'em.

We'll take no blund'ring verse, no fustian tumour,
 No dribbling love from this or that presumer,

No dull fat fool, sham'd on the stage for humour
 For faith, some of'em such vile stuff have made,
 As none but fools or fairies ever play'd:
 But 'twas, as shop-men say, to force a trade.
 We've given you tragedies, all sense defying,
 And singing men, in woeful metre dying:
 This 'tis, when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we will hope to weather;
 We bring you none of our old lumber hither:
 Whig-poets and Whig-sheriffs may hang together.

Dryden.

A S o n g.

Who wou'd not gaze away his heart

On Mariana's eyes,

Did not her high and just disdain

The bold delight chastize?

Mirth and joy she spreads around,

Like the sun's chearful light,

When his returning beams destroy

The empire of the night.

Her beauty with amazement strikes,

(If with no more) the old:

Her virtue tempers with despair

The youthfull and the bold.

Her goodness so difarms her wit

Of the offensive part;

Whilst others only charm the ear,

She steals the very heart.

Let us no more defame the fair,

But learn to praise again;

Bright Mariana's worth demands

A new and nobler strain.

So to the feather'd kind the spring

Restores their wonted voice:

On every bough they sit, and sing,

And court their new-made choice.

Sedley.

The Poet's Prayer.

If e'er in thy fight I found favour, Apollo,
Defend me from all the disasters, which follow!
From the knaves and the fools and the fops of the
time,
From the drudges in prose and the triflers in rhyme,
From the patch-work and toils of the royal sack-
bibber,
Those dead birth-day-odes and the farces of Cibber,
From servile attendance on men in high places,
Their worships and honours and lordships and graces,
From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for thee,
From being caress'd, to be left in the lurch
The tool of a party in state or in church,
From dull-thinking blockheads, as sober as Turks,
And petulant bards, who repeat their own works,
From all the gay things of a drawing-room-show,
The sight of a belle and the smell of a beau,
From busy back-biters and tatlers and carpers,
And scurvy acquaintance with fiddlers and sharpers,
From old politicians and coffee-house-lectures,
The dreams of a chymist and schemes of projectors,
From the fears of a jail and the hopes of a pension,
The tricks of a gamester and oaths of an ensign,

From

From shallow free-thinkers, in taverns disputing,
 Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting,
 From the constant good fare of another man's board,
 My lady's broad hints and the jests of my lord,
 From hearing old chymists, prelecting *de oleo*,
 And reading of Dutch commentators in folio,
 From waiting, like Gay, whole years at Whitehall,
 From the pride of great wits and the envy of small,
 From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,
 Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine trin-
 cums,
 From the pranks of redottoes and court-masquera-
 des,
 The snares of young jilts and the spite of old maids,
 From a saucy dull stage and submitting, to share
 In an empty third night with a beggerly play'r,
 From Curl and such printers, as would have me curst,
 To write second parts, let, who will, write the first,
 From all pious patriots, who would to their best
 Put on a new tax, and take of an old test,
 From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law,
 And the great rogues, who keep all the lesser in awe,
 From a poor country-cure, that living interment,
 With a wife and no prospect of any preferment,
 From scribbling for hire, when my credit is sunk,
 To buy a new coat, and to line an old trunk,

From

From 'squires, who divert us with jokes at their
 tables,
 Of hounds in their kennels and nags in their stables,
 From the nobles and commons, who bound in strict
 league are,
 To subscribe for no book, yet to subscribe to Hei-
 degger,
 From the cant of fanatics, the jargon of schools,
 The censures of wise man and praises of fools,
 From critics, who never read Latin or Greek,
 And pedants, who boast, they read both all the week,
 From borrowing wit, to repay it like Budgel,
 Or lending, like Pope, to be paid by a cudgel,
 If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,
 From these and such evils, Apollo, defend me,
 And let me be rather but honest with no wit,
 Than a noisy, nonsensical, half-witted poet!
Dunkin.

S o n n e t.

In wonted walks, since wonted fancies change,
 Some cause there is, which of strange cause doth
 rise;

For

For in each thing, where -to mine eye doth range,
Part of my pain, me seems, ingraved lies.

The rocks, which were of constant mind the mark,
In climbing steep now hard refusal show:
The shading woods seem now my sun to dark,
And stately hills disdain to look so low.

The restful caves now restless visions give:

In dales I see each way a hard ascent.

Like late mown meads, late cut from joy, I live:

Alas! sweet brooks do in my tears augment.

Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks
answer me;

Infected minds infect each thing, they see.

Sidney.

On the friendship of two young Ladies:

Hail, beauteous pair, whom friendship binds
In softest, yet in strongest ties,
Soft as the temper of your minds,
Strong as the lustre of your eyes!

So Venus' doves in couples fly,
And friendly steer their equal course,
Whose feathers Cupid's shafts supply,
And wing them with resistless force.

Thus as you move love's tender flame,
Like that of friendship, paler burns;
Both our divided passion claim,
And friends and rivals prove by turns.

Then ease yourselves, and bless mankind;
Friendship so curst no more pursue:
In wedlock's rosy bow'r you'll find
The joys of love and friendship too.

V e r s e s

on the Marriage of the Honourable Miss Eliz:
Sackville to Colonel Herbert.

Ye solemn pedagogues, who teach
A language by eight parts of speech,
And with the arm of flesh drive down,
By force of brich, your noun pronoun;
Can any of you all impart
A rule, to conjugate the heart,
To shew its present, perfect, future,
Its active, passive and its neuter?
Grammarians, did you ever try,
To construe and exbound the eye;
And from the syntax of the face
Decline its gender and its case?
What said the nuptial tear, that fell
From fair Eliza — can you tell?
And yet it spoke upon her cheek
As eloquent, as tear could speak,
Not audibly by word of mouth,
As Priscian would, or bishop Lowth,
Not syllables, by Dyche e'er spelt,
Not language heard, but language felt:
„Here, at God's altar as I stand,
To plight my faith, and yield my hand;

With faltering tongue whilst I proclaim
The cession of my virgin - name,
Whilst in my ears is read at large
The Rubric's stern unsoften'd charge,
Spare me, the silent pleader cries,
O spare me, ye furrounding eyes!
Surrounded by a blaze of light,
While here I pass in solemn fight,
Or, kneeling by a father's side,
Renounce the daughter for the bride,
Ye sisters, to my soul so dear,
Say, can I check the rising tear?
When at this awful hour I cast
My memory back on time, that's past,
Ungrateful were I, to forbear
This tribute to a father's care;
For all he suffer'd, all he taught,
Is there not due some tender thought?
And may not one fond prayer be given
To a dear saint, who rests in heaven?
And you, to whom I now betroth
In sight of heaven my nuptial oath,
Who to nobility of birth
True honour join and native worth,
If my recording bosom draws
One sigh, misconstrue not the cause;

Trust me, though weeping, I rejoice,
And, blushing, glory in my choice."

Cumberland.

S o n g.

Of all the torments, all the cares,

With which our lives are curst,

Of all the plagues, the lover bears,

Sure, rivals are the worst.

By partners, in each other kind,

Afflictions easier grow:

In love alone we hate, to find

Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs, you see,

Are lab'ring in my breast,

I beg not, you would favour me:

Would you but slight the rest!

How great foe'er your rigours are,

With them alone I'll cope;

I can endure my own despair,

But not another's hope.

Walsh.

The House of Superstition, a Vision.

When Sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters soft
Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest,
Th' internal power, creative Fancy oft
Brood's o'er her treasures in the formful breast,
Thus, when no longer daily cares engage,
The busy mind pursues the darling theme.
Hence angels whisper'd to the slumbering sage,
And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream:
Hence, as I slept, these images arose
To fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy scene compose,
As, when fair morning dries her pearly tears,
The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head,
Thus new to sight a gothic dome appears,
With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread:
Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,
And her lip-labour'd orisons she plies
In tongue unknown: when morn bedews the plain,
Or evening skirts with gold the western skies,
To the dumb flock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,
And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets
fall.

Near to the dome a magic pair reside,
 Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound:
 Here hood-winkt Ignorance is seen, to bide
 Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.
 No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,
 Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,
 Save, when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,
 And haunt his soul with visionary fears,
 Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,
 And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

 Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,
 And in faint glimmerings just admit the light,
 There Error sits, in borrow'd white array'd,
 And in Truth's form deceives the transient sight.
 A thousand glories wait her opening day,
 Her beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts:
 Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,
 And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts.
 She clears with magic wand the liquid skies,
 Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

 A porter, deaf, decrepid, old and blind,
 Sits at the gate, and lifts a liberal bowl,

With wine of wonderous power to lull the mind,
And check each vigorous effort of the soul.
Whoe'er unwares, shall ply his thirsty lip,
And drink in gulps the luscious liquour down,
Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,
And objects see in features not their own.
Each way-worn traveller, that hither came,
He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his name.
Within a various race are seen to wonne,
Props of her age and pillars of her state,
Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
And born to tyranny, her grisly mate.
The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
With triple crown erect and throned high:
Two golden keys hang dangling by his side,
To lock or ope the portals of the sky.
Crouching and prostrate there (ah! fight unmeet!)
The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.
With bended arm he on a book reclin'd,
Fast lock'd with iron-clasps from vulgar eyes,
Heaven's gracious gift, to light the wandering mind,
To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies.

A man no more, a god he would be thought,
 And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey:
 With slight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
 And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay.
 Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
 Of Limbus' prison'd shades and purgatory-fire.

There meagre Penance sat in sackcloth clad,
 And to his breast close hug'd the viper Sin,
 Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gall, as mad,
 With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.
 Counting large heaps of over-bounding good,
 Of faints, that dy'd within the church's pale,
 With gentler aspect there Indulgence flood,
 And to the needy culprit would retail:
 There too, strange merchandize! he pardons sold,
 And treason would absolve, and murder purge with
 gold.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell
 A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay:
 No work had he, save some few beads to tell,
 And indolently snore the hours away.
 The nameless joys, that bless the nuptial bed,

The mystic rites of Hymen's hallow'd tie
Impure he deems, and from them starts with dread,
As crimes of foulest stain and deepest dye:
No social hopes hath he, no social fears,
But spends in lethargy devout the lingering years.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire,
Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath
Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
And feasts on murders, massacres and death.
Near him was plac'd Procruste's iron-bed,
To stretch or mangle to a certain size.
To see their writhing pains, each heart must bleed,
To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries:
Yet he beholds them with unmoisten'd eye,
Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his me-
lody.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,
And slow approaching with majestic pace,
A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,
With native charms and unaffected grace:
Her hand a clear reflecting mirror shows,
In which all objects their true features wear,

And on her cheek a blush indignant glows,
 To see the horrid forceries, practis'd there.
 She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
 Unlock'd its iron-clasps, and ope'd the heavenly
 page.

„My name is Truth, and you, each holy feer,
 „That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,
 „Unveil, she said, the sacred mysteries here,
 „Give the celestial boon to public view!
 „Tho' blatant obloquy with leprous mouth
 „Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous
 „deed,
 „Yet in revolving years some liberal youth
 „Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed:
 „Your names, adorn'd in Gilpin's *) polish'd page
 „With each historic grace, shall shine thro' every age.
 „With furious hate tho' fierce relentless power
 „Exert of torment all her horrid skill,

*) The Reverend Mr. William Gilpin, author of the
 lives of Bernard Gilpin, bishop Latimer, Wickliff and
 the principal of his followers.

„Tho' your lives meet too soon the fatal hour,
 „Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel,
 „Yet when the dragon *) in the deep abyfs
 „Shall lie, fast bound in adamantinè chain,
 „Ye with the lamb shall rise to ceaseless bliss,
 „First fruits of death and partners of his reign:
 „Then shall repay the momentary tear
 „The great Sabbatic rest, the millenary year.“

Denton.

Under the Busto of Comus in a buffet at Hammersmith.

While rosy wreaths the goblet deck,
 Thus Comus-spoke, or seem'd to speak:
 „This place, for social hours design'd,
 „May Care and Business never find.
 „Come, every Muse, without restraint,
 „Let Genius prompt, and Fancy paint!
 „Let Wit and Mirth, with friendly strife,
 „Chase the dull gloom, that saddens life!

*) See Revel. chap. 20. and the learned and ingenious
 bishop of Bristol's comment upon it in the 3. vol. of
 his dissertation on the prophecies.

„ True Wit, that firm to Virtue's cause,
 „ Respects religion and the laws,
 „ True Mirth, that chearfulness supplies
 „ To modest ears and decent eyes,
 „ Let these indulge their liveliest fallies,
 „ Both scorn the canker'd help of Malice,
 „ True to their country and their friend,
 „ Both scorn, to flatter or offend! „

Melcombe.

Fragment of an antient Poem. *)

How oft didst thou declare to me,
 The heaven should turn to nought,
 The sun should first obscured be,
 Ere thou shouldst change thy thought!

Ye heavens, dissolve without delay!

Sun, shew thy face no more!

Amyntas' love is lost for ay,

And woe is me therefore.

*) Lond. Magaz. Aug. 1773.

God knows, it would not grieve me much,
 To lose my life for thee:
 But, oh! too near it does me touch,
 Thou shouldst my murderer be.

With that her hand, cold, wan and pale,
 Upon her breast she lays,
 And, feeling, that her breath did fail,
 She sighs, and thus she says:

„Amyntas! „ — and with that, poor maid!
 She sigh'd again so fore,
 That after that she nothing said,
 Nor sigh'd, nor spake no more.

Narva and Mored,
 an African Eclogue.

Recite the loves of Narva and Mored!
 The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
 High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung;
 Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:

T!T T!T
 J!L J!L

T!T T!T
 J!L J!L

In all the mystic mazes of the dance
 The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
 Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
 And rides upon the pinions of the wind,
 Ascends the mountain's brow, and measures round
 The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground,
 Chalma the good, whose noisy thunders fly
 Through the dark covering of the midnight-sky,
 Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,
 And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast,
 Chalma, whose excellence is known from far,
 From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar,
 The guardian-god of Afric and the isles,
 Where nature in her strongest vigour smiles,
 Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn
 Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn,
 Where ginger's aromatic, matted root
 Creep through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
 Danced in the shadow of the mystic trees,
 When, like a dark cloud, spreading to the view,
 The first-born sons of war and blood pursue.
 Swift as the elk they pour along the plain,
 Swift as the flying clouds, distilling rain,
 Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
 They course around, and lengthen, as they go.

Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise
Far in the sacred region of the skies,
Upon whose top the blak'ning tempest lours,
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours,
Like the long cliffy mountains, which extend
From Lorbar's cave to where the nations end,
Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,
Impenetrable, mystic and impure,
The flying terrors of the war advance,
And round the sacred oak repeat the dance.
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, wirbling with the breeze,
So when the splendor of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the watry way,
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
Explores the palaces on Zirza's coast,
Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's ghost,
Where the artificer in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow,
From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants to shine,
Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
In search of gold, through every climate run,

From

From burning heat to freezing torments go,
 And live in all vicissitudes of woe.
 Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
 The warriors circle the mysterious tree,
 'Till spent with exercise, they spread around
 Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.
 The priestess rising sings the sacred tale,
 And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

Priestess. „ Far from the burning sands of
 Calabar,
 Far from the lustre of the morning - star,
 Far from the pleasure of the holy morn,
 Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn
 Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
 Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.
 Dear are their memories to us, and long,
 Long shall their attributes be known in song.
 Their lives were transient as the meadow - flower,
 Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
 Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,
 And open all the prisons of the grave!
 Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
 And living but to serve his god alone,
 Narva was beauteous as the open day,

When on the spangling waves the sun-beams play,
 When the mackaw, ascending to the sky,
 Views the bright splendor with a steady eye,
 Tall as the house of Chalma's dark retreat,
 Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynea's fleet,
 Compleatly beauteous, as the summer's sun,
 Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
 Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads
 Through scented Calamus and fragrant reeds,
 Where the swift Zinsa spreads its matted bed,
 Liv'd the still sweeter flower, the young Mored.
 Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell,
 Soft as the moss, where hissing adders dwell.
 As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,
 The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,
 She saw, and lov'd, and Narva too forgot
 His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.
 Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear
 Burst from the breast, and scorn'd confinement there,
 Existence was a torment. O my breast!
 Can I find accents, to unfold the rest?
 Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave
 They plung'd relentless to a watry grave,
 And falling murmur'd to the pow'rs above:
 „Gods! take our lives, unless we live to love!“

Chatterton.

To a young Lady with Fontenelle's
Plurality of Worlds.

In this small work all nature's wonders see,
The soften'd features of philosophy.
In truth by easy steps you here advance,
Truth as diverting, as the best romance.
Long had these arts to sages been confin'd:
None saw their beauty, 'till by poring blind.
By studying spent, like men, that cram too full,
From wisdom's feast they rose, not chear'd, but
dull;

The gay and airy smil'd, to see 'em grave,
And fled such wisdom like Trophonius' cave.
Justly they thought, they might those arts despise,
Which made men sullen, ere they could be wise.
Brought down to sight, with ease you view'em here:
Though deep the bottom, yet the stream is clear.
Your flutt'ring sex still valu'd science less,
Careless of any, but the arts of dress.
Their useless time was idly thrown away
On empty novels or some new-born play.
The best, perhaps, a few loose hours might spare
For some unmeaning thing, miscall'd a pray'r.
Invain the glitt'ring orbs each starry night
With mingling blazes shed a flood of light:

Each nymph with cold indiff'rence saw'em rise,
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought, the stars were funs, fo widely fown:
None dreamt of other worlds, befides our own.
Well might they boast their charms, when every fair
Thought this world all, and her's the brighteft here.
Ah! quit not the large thoughts, this book inspires,
For thofe thin trifles, which your fex admires:
Assert your claim to fenfe, and fhew mankind,
That reafon is not to themfelves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whose beauty's awful fhrine
'Twere facrilege, t' imagine not divine,
Who thought fo greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor ev'n you, who reign without controul,
If we except the beauties of your foul!
Should all beholders feel the fame furprife,
Should all, who fee you, fee you with my eyes,
Where no fick blafts, to make that beauty lefs,
Should you be, what I think, what all confefs,
'Tis but a narrow fpace, thofe charms engage,
One island only, and not half an age!

In answer to the Question:

What is thought?

The hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire, that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

Philips.

S o n g. *)

The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And ev'ry pang, that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

Goldsmith.

*) From the Oratorio of the Captivity.

E l e g y:

Loylefs I seek the folitary fhade,
Where dusky Contemplation veils the fcene,
The dark retreat (of leaflefs branches made)
Where fickning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darkfome ruins of fome facred cell,
Where erft the fons of Superftition trod ,
Tott'ring upon the moffy meadows , tell ,
We better know, but lefs adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
Thro' the wide window (once with myft'ries
dight)

The diftant foreft and the darken'd wave
Of the fwoln Avon ravishes my fight.

But fee ! the thick'ning veil of ev'ning's drawn,

The azure changes to a fabled blue:
The rapt'ring prospects fly the lefs'ning lawn,
And Nature feems, to mourn the dying view.

Self-sprighted Fear creeps silent thro' the gloom,
 Starts at the rustling leaf, and rolls its eyes :
 Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
 With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
 The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
 To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
 And lulls the mind to Contemplation's dream.
 A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
 The clouded moon emits a feeble glare:
 Loyless I seek the darkling hill and dale ;
 Where'er I wander, sorrow still is there.

Chatterton.

E p i t a p h.

A worthy woman lies here - under :
 Sound, found her praise as loud as thunder !
 She could not scold — i'n't that a wonder ?
 Nor ever peal to any rung,

Nor gave ill words to old or young;
For she was born — without a tongue.

Rochester.

Life, an Ode.

Life, the dear precarious boon,
Soon we lose, alas! how soon!
Fleeting vision, falsely gay,
Grasp'd invain, it fades away,
Mixing with surrounding shades.
Lovely vision! how it fades!
Let the Muse, in fancy's glass,
Catch the phantoms, as they pass:
See, they rise! a nymph behold,
Careless, wanton, young and bold.
Mark the devious, hasty pace,
Antic dress and thoughtless face,
Smiling cheeks and roving eyes,
Causeless mirth and vain surprise —
Tripping at her side, a boy
Shares her wonder and her joy:
This is Folly, childhood's guide,
This is childhood at her side.
What is he succeeding now,

Myrtles blooming on his brow,
 Bright and blushing, as the morn,
 Not on earth a mortal born?
 Shafts, to pierce the strong, I view,
 Wings, the flying to pursue.
 Victim of his power, behind
 Stalks a slave of human kind,
 Whose disdain of all the free
 Speaks his mind's captivity.
 Love's the tyrant, Youth the slave:
 Youth invain is wise or brave;
 Love with conscious pride defies
 All the brave and all the wise.
 Who art thou, with anxious mien
 Stealing o'er the shifting scene?
 Eyes, with tedious vigils red,
 Sighs, by doubts and wishes bred,
 Cautious step and glancing leer
 Speak thy woes, and speak thy fear.
 Arm in arm, what wretch is he,
 Like thyself, who walks with thee?
 Like thy own his fears and woes,
 All thy pangs his bosom knows:
 Well, too well my boding breast
 Knows the names, your looks suggest,
 Anxious, busy, restless pair!

Manhood, link'd by fate to care!
Wretched state! and yet 'tis dear —
Fancy, close the prospect here!
Close it, or recall the past,
Spare my eyes, my heart, the last,
Vain the wish! the last appears,
While I gaze, it swims in tears.
Age — my future self — I trace:
Moving slow with feeble pace,
Bending with disease and cares,
All the load of life he bears.
White his locks, his visage wan,
Strength and ease and hope are gone:
Death, the shadowy form, I know,
Death o'ertakes him, dreadful foe!
Swift they vanish — mournful flight!
Night succeeds, impervious night.
What there dreadful glooms conceal,
Fancy's glass can ne'er reveal:
When shall time the veil remove?
When shall light the scene improve?
When shall truth my doubts dispel?
Awful period! who can tell?

Hawkesworth.

On the Invention of Letters.

Tell me, what Genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint ?
Who first the secret, how to colour found,
And to give shape to reason, wisely found,
With bodies how to cloath ideas, taught,
And how to draw the picture of a thought ?
Who taught the hand, to speak, the eye, to hear
A silent language, roving far and near,
Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,
And spreads her accents through the world's vast
round,
A voice, heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come,
Which dead men speak as well, as those alive —
Tell me, what Genius did this art contrive ?

The airy voice, and stop'd the flying sound :
 The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
 Gave colour, form and body to the thought.

The Cheat's Apology.

Look round the wide world, each profession, you'll
 find,

Hath something dishonest, which myst'ry they call.
 Each knave points another, at home is stark blind :

Except but his own, there's a cheat in them all;
 When tax'd with imposture, the charge he'll evade,
 And like Falstaff pretend, he but lives by his trade.

The hero ambitious (like Philip's great son,
 Who wept, when he found no more mischief to
 do)

Ne'er scruples, a neighbouring realm to o'er-run,
 While slaughters and carnage his sabre imbrue :
 Of rapine and murder the charge he'll evade;
 For conquest is glorious, and fighting his trade.

The statesman, who steers by wise Machiavel's rules,
 Is ne'er to be known by his tongue or his face ;
 They 're traps by him us'd, to catch credulous fools,

And breach of his promise he counts no disgrace,
But policy calls it, reproach to evade;
For flatt'ry's his province, cajoling his trade.

The priest will instruct you, this world to despise

With all its vain pomp for a kingdom on high,
While earthly preferments are chiefly his prize,

And all his pursuits give his doctrine the lyes:
He'll plead you the gospel, your charge to evade:
The lab'rer's intitled to live by his trade.

The lawyer, as oft on the wrong side as right,

Who tortures for fee the true sense of the laws,
While black he by sophistry proves to be white,

And falsehood and perjury lifts in his cause,
With steady assurance all crime will evade;
His client's his care, and he follows his trade.

The sons of Machaon, who, thirsty for gold,

The patient past cure visit thrice in a day,
Write largely, the Pharmacop-league to uphold,

While poverty's left to diseases a prey,
Are held in repute for their glitt'ring parade;
Their practice is great, and they shine in their trade.

Since then in all stations imposture is found,

No one of another can justly complain;

The coin, he receives, will pass current around,
 And where he is coufen'd, he consens again:
 But I, who for cheats this apology made,
 Cheat myself by my rhyming, and starve by my trade.
Ellis.

The dropfical Man.

A jolly brave toper, who could not forbear,
 Though his life was in danger, old port and stale
 beer,
 Gave the doctors the hearing — but still would drink
 on,
 'Till the dropfy had swell'd him as big as a ton.
 The more he took phyfic, the worfe still he grew;
 And tapping was now the last thing, he could do.
 Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down:
 He began to confider — so sent for his son.
 Tom, see, by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
 I'm leaving the world, e'er I'm forty and five:
 More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours
 This manor, this house and estate will be yours.
 My early excesses may teach you this truth,
 That 'tis working for death, to drink hard in one's
 youth.

Says Tom, (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to inherit)

Sir, don't be dishearten'd; although it be true,
Th' operation is painful and hazardous too,
'Tis no more, than what many a man has gone thro',
And then as for years, you may yet be call'd young;
Your life after this may be happy and long.

Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply;
With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
Too well by experience, my vessels, thou know'st,
No sooner are tap'd, but they give up the ghost.

Taylor.

To Chloe weeping.

See, whilst thou weep'st, fair Chloe, see
The world in sympathy with thee.
The chearful birds no longer sing,
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower.

The brooks beyond their limits flow,
 And louder murmurs speak their woe.
 The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares:
 They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
 Fantastick nymph! that grief should move
 Thy heart, obdurate against love!
 Strange tears, whose pow'r can soften all,
 But that dear breast, on which they fall!

Prior.

To a Lady very handsome, but too
 fond of dress.

Prythee, why so fantastic and vain?

What charms can the toilet supply?

Why so studious, admirers to gain?

Need beauty lay traps for the eye?

Because that thy breast is so fair,

Must thy tucker be still setting right,

And canst thou not laughing forbear,

Because that thy teeth are so white?

Shall sovereign beauty descend,

To act so ignoble a part,

Whole

Whole hours at the looking-glass spend,

A slave to the dictates of art?

And cannot thy heart be at rest,

Unless thou excellest each fair,

In trinkets and trumpery dress'd?

Is not that a superfluous care?

Vain, idle attempt, to pretend,

The lilly with whiteness to deck!

Does the rich solitaire recommend

The delicate turn of thy neck?

The glossy bright hue of thy hair

Can powder or jewels adorn?

Can perfumes or vermillions compare

With the breath or the blush of the morn?

When, embarrass'd with baubles and toys,

Thou'rt set out so enormously fine,

Over-doing thy purpose destroys,

And, to please, thou hast too much design.

Little know'st thou, how beauty beguiles,

How alluring the innocent eye,

What sweetness in natural smiles,

And what charms in simplicity lye.

Thee nature with beauty has clad,
 With genuine ornaments dress'd,
 Nor can art an embellishment add,
 To set of, what already is best.
 Be it thine, self-accomplish'd to reign!
 Bid the toilet be far set apart,
 And dismiss with an honest disdain
 That impertinent Abigail, art!

The Pleasures of Contemplation.

Queen of the halcyon breast and heavenward eye,
 Sweet Contemplation, with thy ray benign
 Light my lone passage thro' this vale of life,
 And raise the siege of care! This silent hour
 To thee is sacred, when the star of eve,
 Like Dian's virgins, trembling, ere they bathe,
 Shoots o'er th' Hesperian wave its quivering ray.

All nature joins, to fill my labouring breast
 With high sensations : awful silence reigns
 Above, around : the sounding winds no more
 Wild thro' the fluctuating forest fly

With gust impetuous : Zephyr scarcely breathes
 Upon the trembling foliage : flocks and herds,
 Retir'd beneath the friendly shade, repose
 Fann'd by oblivion's wing. Ha ! is not this,
 This the dread hour, as ancient fables tell,
 When flitting spirits from their prisons broke,
 By moon-light glide along the dusky vales,
 The solemn church-yard or the dreary grove,
 Fond to revisit their once-lov'd abodes,
 And view each friendly scene of past delight ?

Satyrs and Fawns, that in sequester'd woods
 And deep-embowering shades delight to dwell,
 Quitting their caves, where in the reign of day
 They slept in silence, o'er the daïsied green
 Pursue their gambols, and with printless feet
 Chase the fleet shadows o'er the waving plains.

Dryads and Naiads from each spring and grove
 Trip blithsome o'er the lawns, or near the side
 Of mossy fountains sport in Cynthia's beams.
 The fairy elves, attendant on their queen,
 With light steps bound along the velvet-mead,
 And leave the green impression of their dance
 In rings mysterious to the passing swain,
 While the pellucid glow-worm kindly lends
 Her silver-lamp, to light the festive scene.

Of Circe, fam'd of old, who tastes it, finds
Th' etherial spark divine to brute transform'd.

And now, methinks, I hear the libertine
With supercilious leer cry, „preach no more
„Your musty morals! hence to desarts fly,
„And in the gloom of solitary caves
„Austerely dwell! what's life, debarr'd from joy?
„Crown then the bowl! let music lend her aid,
„And beauty her's, to soothe my wayward cares!“

Ah! little does he know the nymph, he styles
A foe to pleasure; pleasure is not more
His aim, than her's: with him she joins to blame
The hermit's gloom and savage penances,
Each social joy approves. Oh! without thee,
Fair Friendship, life were nothing: without thee,
The page of fancy would no longer charm,
And solitude disgust e'en pensive minds.

Nought I condemn but that excess, which clouds
The mental faculties, to soothe the sense:
Let reason, truth and virtue guide thy steps,
And every blessing, heaven bestows, be thine!

Mrs. Darwal.

E p i g r a m.

The grapes, that hang so high, are four.

A lovely face and charming mien,
And such a shape, as few have seen,
Has pretty Peggy on the green.

But what of that, pray? is she kind?
Fair is the beauteous orange-rind,
But all the sweetness lies behind.

Rochester.

S o n g.

Chloris, farewell! I now must go;
For if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought;

Finding his fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer, than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure, to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake
May'st leave me with so just excuse?

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault,
That thou didst thus inconstant prove,
Being by my example taught,
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, Chloris, no! I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
 And gain such trust, that I may come,
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,
 But make my constant meals at home.

Waller.

The Shepherd's Resolution.

Shall I, waisting in dispayre,
 Dye, because a woman's fayre?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 Because another's rosy are?
 Bee she fayrer than the daye,
 Or the flowerye meads in maye!
 If she think not well of mee,
 What care I, howe fayre she bee?

Shall a woman's goodnesse move
 Mee, to perish for her love,
 Or her worthy merits knowne
 Make mee quite forget my owne?
 Bee she meeker, kinder, than

The turtle-dove, or pelican!

If she bee not foe to mee,

What care I, howe kind she bee?

Bee she good, or kind, or fayre,

I will never more dispayre;

If she love mee, this believe,

I will dye, ere she shall grieve:

If she slight mee, when I woe,

I will scorne, and let her goe.

If she bee not made for mee,

What care I, for whom she bee?

T O M i r a .

So calm and so serene, but now

What means this change on Mira's brow?

Her aguish love now glows and burns,

Then chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns,

Mock'd with deluding looks and smiles,

When on her pity I depend,

My airy hope she soon beguiles,
And laughs, to see my torments never end.

So up the steepy hill with pain
The weighty stone is roll'd invain,
Which having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the lab'rer, to renew his toils.

Granville Lord Lansdowne;

**Libel on the Reverend Dr. Delany and
his Excellency John Lord Carteret.**

**To Dr. Delany, occasioned by his Epistle to
his Excellency John Lord Carteret.**

Written in the year 1729.

Deluded mortals, whom the great
Chuse for companions tete à tete,
Who at their dinners en famille
Get leave to sit, whene'er you will,
Then boasting tell us, where you din'd,
And how his lordship was so kind,
How many pleasant things he spoke,

And how you laugh'd at every joke,
Swear, he's a most facetious man,
That you and he are cup and cann,
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
Suppose my Lord and you alone,
Hint the least int'rest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of bus'ness now:
Or mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with, Name your toast!
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint;
For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp, to bring a wench,
So men of wit are but a kind
Of pandars to a vicious mind,
Who proper objects must provide,
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, weary'd with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then should you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design,
For which he summon'd you to dine.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays
And one poor office half his days,
While Montague, who claim'd the station,
To be Mecaenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd, where they slept.
Himself, as rich as fifty jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes,
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling, to discharge his chair,
Till prudence taught him, to appeal
From Paeon's fire to party-zeal,
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene,
Took proper principles to thrive,
And so might ev'ry dunce alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd, what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew, to starve and die in Wales.
Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends,
Who under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth,
Who paid his courtship with the croud
As far, as modest pride allow'd,

Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
Thus Addison, by Lords carefs'd,
Was left in foreign lands distress'd,
Forgot at home, became for hire
A trav'ling tutor to a 'squire,
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To bus'ness shap'd the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.

Hail, happy Pope, whose gen'rous mind,
Detesting all the statesmen kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen!
A soul, with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By sages, priests or poets taught,
Whose filial piety excels,
Whatever Grecian story tells:
A genius, for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit.
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle,
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd,

By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
 Which Homer never could alive,
 And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
 Despising slaves, that cringe for bread.
 True politicians only pay
 For solid work, but not for play,
 Nor ever chuse, to work with tools,
 Forg'd up in colleges and schools.
 Consider, how much more is due
 To all their journey-men, than you.
 At table you can Horace quote :—
 They at a pinch can bribe a vote.
 You shew your skill in Grecian story :
 But they can manage Whig and Tory.
 You, as a critic, are so curious,
 To find a verse in Virgil spurious :
 But they can smoke the deep designs,
 When Bolingbroke with Pult'ney dines.
 Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
 That you have got a place already,
 An office for your talents fit,
 To flatter, carve, and shew your wit,
 To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
 And get a dinner for your hire.
 What claim have you to place or pension?
 He over pays in condescension.

But, Rev'rend Doctor, you, we know,
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend,
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise.
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve, he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true — submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will,
And what condition can be worse?
He comes, to drain a beggar's purse,
He comes, to tie our chains the faster,
And shew us, England is our master,
Careless knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of the church distressed,
A hungry vicarage at best,
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a-year at most.
But here again you interpose:
Your fav'rite Lord is none of those,
Who owe their virtues to their stations,

And characters to dedications ;
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His learning none will call in doubt:
 His learning, though a poet said it,
 Before a play would lose no credit,
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
 Although to praise it Phillips writ.
 I own, he hates an action base,
 His virtues battling with his place,
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit,
 Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
 And give up party to his fame:
 I do the most, that friendship can;
 I hate the viceroy, love the man.
 But you, who, till your fortune's made,
 Must be a sweetner by your trade,
 Should swear, he never meant us ill,
 We suffer fore against his will,
 That, if we could but see his heart,
 He would have chose a milder part,
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey, or lose his place.

Since this reflection slipt your pen,
 Insert it, when you write again,

And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse.

„So, to destroy a guilty land,
„An angel, sent by heav'n's command,
„While he obeys almighty will,
„Perhaps may feel compassion still,
„And wish, the task had been assign'd
„To spirits of less gentle kind.“

But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a diff'rent mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both k—s and ministers of state,
Who look on courts with stricter eyes,
To see the seeds of vice arise,
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flatt'ring knaves may call it bitter,
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would shew you many a statesman's face.

Fresh from the tripod of Apollo
I had it in the words, that follow:
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his Excellence)

„So, to effect his monarch's ends,
„From hell a viceroy- devil ascends,
„His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
„The contributions of the damn'd,

„Which with unsparing hand he strows
 „Through courts and senates, as he goes,
 „And then at Belzebub's black hall
 „Complains, his budget was too small.“

Your simile may better shine
 In verse: but there is truth in mine;
 For no imaginable things
 Can differ more than gods and k—s,
 And statesmen by ten thousand odds
 Are angels just, as k—s are gods.

Swift.

To a Lady

with a pair of gloves on Valentine's-day.

Brimful of anger, not of love,
 The champion sends his foe one glove:
 But I, who have a double share
 Of softer passion, send a pair.
 Nor think it, dearest Celia, cruel,
 That I invite you to a duel,
 Ready to meet you face to face
 At any time, in any place:

Nor will I leave you in the lurch,
Tho' you should dare, to name the church.
There come equipp'd with all your charms:
The ring and licence are my arms.
With these I mean your power to try,
And meet my charmer, tho' I die.

S o n g.

Walking among the shades alone,
I heard a distant voice,
Which, sighing, said, now she is gone,
I'll make no second choice.

I look'd, and saw, it was a swain,
Who to the flying wind
Did of some neighb'ring nymph complain,
Too fair and too unkind.

He told me, how he saw her first,
And with what gracious eyes

And gentle speech that flame she nurs'd,
Which since she did despise.

His rows she did as fast receive,
As he could breathe them to her:
Love in her eyes proclaim'd her leave,
That he alone should woo her.

They fed their flocks still near one place,
And at one instant met:
He, gazing on her lovely face,
Fell deeper in the net.

She seem'd of her new captive glad,
Proud of his bondage he:
No lover, sure, a prospect had
Of more felicity.

But the false maid or never lov'd,
Or gave so quickly o'er:
E're his was to the height improv'd,
Her kindness was no more.

Ev'n her dissemblings she let face,
 And made him plainly see,
 That, tho' his heart she did enthrall,
 Her own was ever free.

Now, left his care should pity move,
 She shuns his very fight,
 And leaves him to that hopeless love,
 She did create in spight.

Her name I could not make him tell,
 Tho' vowing him my aid;
 He said, he never would reveal,
 In life or death, the maid.

Sedley.

The Fable of Ixion.

To Chlorinda.

Ixion, as the poets tell us,
 Was one of those pragmatic fellows,
 Who claim a right, to kiss the hand

Of the best lady in the land,
 Demonstrating by dint of reason,
 That impudence in love's no treason.

He let his fancy soar much higher,
 And ventur'd boldly, to aspire
 To Juno's high and mighty grace,
 And woo'd the goddess face by face.

What mortal e'er had whims so odd,
 To think of cuckolding a god?

For she was both Jove's wife and sister,
 And yet the rascal would have kiss'd her.

How he got up to heav'n's high palace,
 Not one of all the poets tell us:

It must be therefore understood,
 That he got up, which way he could.

Nor is it, that I know, recorded,
 How bows were made, and speeches worded:

So leaving this to each one's guess,
 I'll only tell you the success.

But first I stop awhile, to shew,
 What happen'd lately here below.

Chlorinda, who beyond compare
 Of all the fair-ones is most fair,
 Chlorinda, by the gods design'd,
 To be the pattern of her kind
 With every charm of face and mind,

Glanc'd light'ning from her eyes so blue,
 And shot poor Strephon through and through.
 He over head and ears her lover,
 Try'd all the ways, he could, to move her:
 He sigh'd, and vow'd, and pray'd, and cry'd,
 And did a thousand things beside.
 She let him sigh, and pray, and cry on —
 But now hear more about Ixion.

The goddess, proud, (as folks report her)
 Disdain'd, that mortal wight should court her,
 And yet she chose, the fool to flatter,
 To make him fancy some great matter,
 And hope in time, he might get at her,
 Grac'd him with now and then a smile,
 But inly scorn'd him all the while,
 Resolv'd, at last a trick to shew him,
 Seeming to yield, and so undo him.

Now which way, do you think, she took?
 (For do't she would by hook or crook)
 Why, thus I find it in my book.

She call'd a pretty painted cloud,
 The brightest of the wand'ring crowd;
 For she, you know, is queen o'th'air,
 And all the clouds and vapours there
 Governs at will by nods or summons,
 As Walpole does the house of commons.

This cloud, which came to her stark naked,
 She dress'd as fine, as hands could make it.
 From her own wardrobe out she brought
 Whate'er was dainty, wove or wrought:
 A smock, which Pallas spun and gave her,
 Once on a time to gain her favour,
 A gown, that ha'n't on earth its fellow,
 Of finest blue, and lin'd with yellow,
 Fit for a goddess, to appear in,
 And not a pin the worse for wearing,
 A quilted petticoat beside,
 With whalebone-hoop, fix fathom wide.
 With these she deck'd the cloud, d'ye see?
 As like herself, as like could be,
 So like, that could not I or you know,
 Which was the cloud, and which was Juno.
 Thus dress'd, she sent it to the villain,
 To let him act his wicked will on,
 Then laugh'd at the poor fool aloud,
 Who for a goddess grasp'd a cloud.

This, you will say, was well done on her,
 T'expose the tempter of her honour —
 But more of him you need not hear:
 Only to Strephon lend an ear.

He never entertain'd one thought,
 With which a goddess could find fault;

His spotless love might be forgiven
 By every faint in earth and heaven:
 Juno herself, though nice and haughty,
 Would not have judg'd his passion naughty.
 All this Chlorinda's self confess'd,
 And own'd, his flame was pure and chaste,
 Read, what his seeming Muse brought forth,
 And prais'd it far beyond his worth,
 Mildly receiv'd his fond address,
 And only blam'd his love's excess:
 Yet she, so good, so sweet, so smiling,
 So full of truth, so unbeguiling,
 One way or other still devis'd,
 To let him see, he was despis'd,
 And when he plum'd, and grew most proud,
 All was a vapour, all a cloud.

Alfop. Thus she said, she then to the waiting

To her chamber which will open hold

Then laugh'd at the poor fool who said

Who for a goddess steps a cloud, why

This, you will say, was well done

To expose the temper of her humour

But more of

Only to Stephen's

He never

With which

On certain Pastorals.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
 The weary audience vow —

'Tis not th' Arcadian swain, that plays,
But 'tis his herds, that low —

Shenstone.

V e r s e s,

written originally in the Persic Language.

If mortal hands thy peace destroy,
Or friendship's gifts bestow,
Wilt thou to man ascribe thy joy,
To man impute thy woe?

'Tis God, whose thoughts to various ends
The human lot dispose,
Around the plant assisting friends
Or heap avenging foes.

Not from the bow the deaths proceed,
But from the archer's skill,

Who lends the thirsty shaft its speed,
And gives it strength to kill.

Merrick,

O d e

for his Majesty's birth-day.

Driven out from heav'n's etherial domes,
On earth insatiate Discord roams,
And spreads her careful influence far,
On wretched man her scorpion stings,
Around th' insidious fury flings,
Corroding every bliss, and sharp'ning every care.
Hence, demon, hence! in tenfold night
Thy Stygian spells employ,
Nor with thy prefence blast the light
Of that auspicious day, which Britain gives to joy!
But come, thou softer deity,
Fairest Unanimity!
(Not more fair the star, that leads
Bright Aurora's glowing steeds,
Or on Hesper's front that shines,
When the garish day declines)

Bring thy usual train along,
 Festive dance and choral song,
 Loose-rob'd sport, from folly free,
 And mirth, chastis'd by decency!
 Enough of war the pensive Muse has sung,
 Enough of slaughter trembled on her tongue:
 Fairer prospects let her bring,
 Than hostile fields and scenes of blood.
 If happier hours are on the wing,
 Wherefore damp the coming good?
 If again our tears must flow,
 Why forestal the future woe?
 Bright-ey'd Hope, thy pleasing power
 Gilds at least the present hour,
 Every anxious thought beguiles,
 Dresses every face in smiles,
 Nor lets one transient cloud the bliss destroy
 Of that auspicious day, which Britain gives to joy.

Whitehead.

On the death of Sir Albertus and Lady
 Morton.

He first deceas'd: she for a little try'd,
 To live without him, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

Wotton.

E p i s t l e
to a young Gentleman on his leaving
Eton - school.

Since now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
Since manhood dawning to fair Granta's towers,
Where once in life's gay spring I loved to roam,
Invites they willing steps, accept, dear youth,
This parting strain! accept the fervent prayer
Of him, who loves thee with a passion pure,
As ever friendship drop'd in human heart,
The prayer, that he, who guides the hand of youth
Thro' all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meandering path, upon thy head
May shower down every blessing, every joy,
Which health, which virtue and which fame can
give!

Yet think not, I will deign to flatter thee;
Shall he, the guardian of thy faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart, to feel a spurious glow
At undeserved praise? Perish the slave,
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul,
With vain conceit, whose base ungenerous art

Fawns on the vice, which some with honest hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast!

Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day,
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand,
To touch th' according strings? From the blest hour
I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame:
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breast!
Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear: sweet is the breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each others heart.
But nor the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear, nor the sweet breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each others heart,
So charm with ravishment the raptured sense,
As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On every object thro' the giddy world,
Which fashion to thy dazzled eye presents,

Fresh is the gloss of newness. Look, dear youth,
 O look, but not admire! o let not these
 Rase from thy noble heart the fair records,
 Which youth and education planted there!
 Let not affection's full impetuous tide,
 Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
 By selfish cares, nor let the idle jeers
 Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself!
 When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,
 And feel thy heart at rest? have I not seen
 In thy swoln eye the tear of sympathy,
 The milk of human kindness? When didst thou,
 With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd?
 When didst thou slight the wretched? when de-
 spise
 The modest humble suit of poverty?
 These virtues still be thine! nor ever learn,
 To look with cold eye on the charities
 Of brother or of parents! think on those,
 Whose anxious care thro' childhood's slippery
 path
 Sustain'd thy feeble steps, whose every wish
 Is waisted still to thee! remember those,
 Even in thy heart while memory holds her seat,
 And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recall
 The sweet companions of thy earliest years,

Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife
Of every generous art, remember me!

Roberts.

The Fakeer, a Tale.

A Fakeer (a religious, well known in the East,
Not much like a parson, still less like a priest)
With no canting, no sly jesuitical arts,
Field-preaching, hypocrisy, learning, or parts,
By a happy refinement in mortification
Grew the oracle, saint and the Pope of his nation.
But what did he do, this esteem to aquire?
Did he torture his head or his bosom with fire?
Was his neck in a portable pillory cas'd?
Did he fasten a chain to his leg or his waist?
No, his holiness rose to his sovereign pitch
By the merit of running long nails in his breech.

A wealthy young Indian, approaching the shrine,
Thus in banter accosts the prophetic divine:
This tribute accept for your int'rest with Fo,
Whom with torture you serve, and whose will you
must know.

To your suppliant disclose his immortal degree :
Tell me, which of heaven is allotted for me.

FAKEER.

Let me first know your merits.

INDIAN.

I strive, to be just,
To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my trust :
In religion I duly observe every form,
With an heart to my country devoted and warm :
I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich —

FAKEER.

But how many nails do you run in your breech ?

INDIAN.

With submission I speak to your Rev'rence's tail :
But mine has no taste for a ten-penny nail.

FAKEER.

Well! I'll pray to our prophet, and get you prefer'd,
Though no farther expect than to heaven the third ;
With me in the thirtieth your seat to obtain,
You must qualify duly with hunger and pain.

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth! you impudent rogue!
Can such wretches as you give to madness a vogue?
Though the priesthood of Fo on the vulgar impose
By squinting whole years at the end of their nose,
Though with cruel devices of mortification

The courtier, the patriot, all politicians,
 The statesman, begirt with th'importunate ring,
 (I had almost compleated my list with the king)
 All labour alike, to illustrate my tale,
 All tortur'd by choice with th'invisible nail.

Cambrige.

V e r s e s,

written in a Lady's ivory Table - book.

Peruse my leaves through ev'ry part,
 And think, thou see'st my owner's heart,
 Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless and as light,
 Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
 But hid with caution from the wife.
 Here you may read: dear charming faint,
 Beneath a new receipt for paint,
 Here in beau-spelling: tru tel deth,
 There in her own: far an el breth,
 Here: lovely nymph, pronounce my doom,
 There: a safe way, to use perfume,
 Here a page, fill'd with billet-doux,

On th' other side: laid out for shoes,
 Madam, I die without your grace,
 Item: for half a yard of lace.
 Who, that had wit, would place it here
 For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer,
 In pow'r of spittle and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out,
 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place?
 Whoe'er expects, to hold his part
 In such a book and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy and a fool,
 Is in all points the fittest tool,
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold-pencil, tipp'd with lead.

Swift.

Then ask the groves, and ask the vocal bow'rs,
 Who deck'd their spiry tops with blooming flow'rs,
 Taught the blue stream o'er sandy vales to flow,
 And the brown wild with liveliest hues to glow?

*) Fair Solima! the hills and dales will sing,
 Fair Solima! the distant echoes ring.
 But not with idle shows of vain delight,
 To charm the soul, or to beguile the sight,
 At noon on banks of pleasure to repose,
 Where bloom intwin'd the lilly, pink and rose,
 Not in proud piles to heap the nightly feast,
 Till morn with pearls has deck'd the glowing East,
 Ah! not for this she taught those bow'rs to rise,
 And bade all Eden spring before our eyes:
 Far other thoughts her heav'nly mind employ.
 (Hence, empty pride! and hence, delusive joy!)
 To cheer with sweet repast the fainting guest,
 To lull the weary on the couch of rest,
 To warm the trav'ler, numb'd with winter's cold,
 The young to cherish, to support the old,
 The sad to comfort, and the weak protect,

T 4

*) It was not easy, in this part of the translation to avoid
 a turn, similar to that of Pope in the known description
 of the Man of Ross.

The poor to shelter, and the lost direct,
These are her cares, and this her glorious task:
Can heav'n a nobler give, or mortals ask?

Come to these groves and this life-breathing
glades,

Ye friendless orphans, and ye dow'rlless maids!
With eager haste your mournful mansions leave,
Ye weak, that tremble, and ye sick, that grieve!
Here shall soft tents, o'er flow'ry lawns display'd,
At night defend you, and at noon o'ershade:
Here rosy health the sweets of life will show'r,
And new delights beguile each varied hour.
Mourns there a widow, bath'd in streaming tears?
Stoops there a fire beneath the weight of years?
Weeps there a maid in pining sadness left,
Of fondling parents and of hope bereft?
To Solima their sorrows they bewail,
To Solima they pour their plaintive tale.
She hears, and, radiant as the star of day,
Through the thick forest wins her easy way:
She asks, what cares the joyless train oppress,
What sickness waits them, or what wants distress,
And as they mourn, she steals a tender sigh,
Whilst all her soul sits melting in her eye,
Then with a smile the healing balm bestows,
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes,

Which, as it drops, some soft-eyed angel bears,
 Transform'd to pearl, and in his bosom wears.
 When chill'd with fear, the trembling pilgrim roves
 Through pathless deserts and through tangled groves,
 Where mantling darkness spreads her dragon-wing,
 And birds of death their fatal dirges sing,
 While vapours pale a dreadful glimm'ring cast,
 And thrilling horror howls in ev'ry blast,
 She cheers his gloom with streams of bursting light,
 By day a sun, a beaming moon by night,
 Darts through the quiv'ring shades her heav'nly ray,
 And spreads with rising flow'rs his solitary way.

Ye heav'ns, for this in show'rs of sweetness
 shed

Your mildest influence o'er her favour'd head!
 Long may her name, which distant climes shall
 praise,

Live in our notes, and blossom in our lays,
 And like an od'rous plant, whose blushing flow'r
 Paints ev'ry dale, and sweetens ev'ry bow'r,
 Born to the skies in clouds of soft perfume,
 For ever flourish, and for ever bloom!

These grateful songs, ye maids and youths, renew,
 While fresh-blown vi'lets drink the pearly dew,
 O'er Azib's banks while love-lorn damsels rove,
 And gales of fragrance breathe from Hager's rove!

So sung the youth, whose sweetly-warbled
 strains
 Fair Mena heard, and Saba's spicy plains.
 Sooth'd with his lay, the ravish'd air was calm,
 The winds scarce whisper'd o'er the waving palm,
 The camels bounded o'er the flow'ry lawn,
 Like the swift ostrich or the sportful fawn,
 Their filken bands the listning rose-buds rent,
 And twin'd their blossoms round his vocal tent.
 He sung, till on the bank the moonlight slept,
 And closing flow'rs beneath the night-dew wept,
 Then ceas'd, and slumber'd in the lap of rest,
 Till the shrill lark had left his low-built nest,
 Now hastes the swain, to tune his rapt'rous tales
 In other meadows and in other vales.

Jones.

To Miss Lucy F—,
 with a new Watch.

With me while present, may thy lovely eyes
 Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
 Think, every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
 And measure time by joy, succeeding joy!

But when the cares, that interrupt our bliss,
 To me not always will thy fight allow,
 Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
 Then every minute count, as I do now!

P l a i n T r u t h.

As Paphian Venus th'other day
 Invited all the gods to tea,
 Her maids of honour, the Miss Graces,
 Attending duly in their places,
 Their godships gave a loose to mirth,
 As we at butt'rings here on earth.

Minerva in her usual way
 Rallied the daughter of the sea.
 Madam, said she, your lov'd resort,
 The city, where you hold your court,
 Is lately fallen from its duty,
 And triumphs more in wit, than beauty;
 For here, she cried, see here a poem —
 'Tis Dalston's, you, Apollo, know him.
 Little persuasion, sure, invites
 Pallas, to read, what Dalston writes:

Nay, I have heard, that in Parnassus
For truth a current whisper passes,
That Dalton sometimes has been known,
To publish her works as his own.

Minerva read, and every god
Approv'd — Jove gave the critic nod:
Apollo and the sacred Nine
Were charm'd, and smil'd at every line,
And Mars, who little understood,
Swore, d — n him, if it was not good:
Venus alone sat all the while
Silent, nor deign'd a single smile.
All were surpriz'd: some thought her stupid,
Not so her confident, 'squire Cupid;
For well the little rogue discern'd,
At what his mother was concern'd,
Yet not a word the urchin said,
But hid in Hebe's lap his head.
At length the rising choler broke
From Venus' lips, — and thus she spoke:

That poetry so cram'd with wit,
Minerva, should your palate hit,
I wonder not, nor that some prudes
(For such there are above the clouds)
Should wish the prize of beauty torn
From her, they view with envious scorn.

Me poets never please, but when
Justice and truth direct their pen.
This Dalston — formerly I've known him:
Henceforth for ever I disown him;
For Homer's wit shall I despise
In him, who writes with Homer's eyes.
A poem on the fairest fair
At Bath, and Betty's name not there!
Hath not this poet seen those glances,
In which my wicked urchin dances?
Nor that dear dimple, where he treats
Himself with all Arabia's sweets,
In whose soft down while he reposes,
Invain the lillies bloom, or roses,
To tempt him from a sweeter bed
Of fairer white or livelier red?
Hath he not seen, when some kind gale
Has blown aside the cambric - veil,
That seat of paradise, where Jove
Might pamper his almighty love?
Our milky way less fair do's shew:
There summer's seen 'twixt hills of snow.
From her lov'd voice, when'er she speaks,
What softness in each accent breaks!
And when her dimpled smiles arise,
What sweetness sparkles in her eyes!

Can I then bear, enrag'd she said,
 Sights, offer'd to my fav'rite maid,
 The nymph, whom I degree, to be
 The representative of me?

The goddesses ceas'd — the gods all bow'd,
 Nor one the wicked bard avow'd,
 Who, while in beauty's praise he writ,
 Dar'd beauty's goddesses to omit;
 For now their godships recollected,
 'Twas Venus' self, he had neglected,
 Who in her visits to this place
 Had still worn Betty Dalton's face.

Fielding.

At Pens-hurst.

Had Dorothea liv'd, when mortals made
 Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
 Had held an altar to her pow'r, that gave
 The peace and glory, which these alleys have,
 Embroider'd so with flowers, where she stood,
 That it became a garden of a wood.
 Her presence has such more than human grace,
 That it can civilize the rudest place,

And beauty too, and order can impart,
 Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
 The plants acknowledge this, and her admire
 No less, than those of old did Orpheus' lyre:
 If she sit down, with tops all tow'rd's her bow'd,
 They round about her into arbours crowd,
 Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
 Like some well-marshall'd and obsequious band.
 Amphion so made stones and timber leap
 Into fair figures from a confus'd heap,
 And in the symmetry of her parts is found
 A pow'r, like that of harmony in sound.

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame,
 That, if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part,
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart! —
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
 Of noble Sidney's birth, when such benign,
 Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
 That there they cannot but for ever prove
 The monument and pledge of humble love,
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er rise high'r,
 Than for a pardon, that he dares admire.

Waller.

E p i t a p h

for General Wolfe.

O ye, th' illustrious few, whose bosoms glow
With valour, magnanimity and all
The kindred virtues, that impower the soul,
To combat perils, to atchieve exploits
Of hardy enterprize, and in behalf
Of freedom and your country to despise
Death and the horrors of the grave, o tread
With reverence here; for a congenial spirit
Inform'd these holy ashes. Gallant Wolfe,
In early prime who conquer'd, and expir'd
Exulting in the arms of conquest, here
Bequeaths his fame to Britain, to adorn
Her annals, and incite her valiant race,
To persevere in virtue. If your hearts
Throb, and are fill'd with ardour, and if tears
Of generous sympathy descend, rejoice!
Preserve th' impression, and be well assur'd,
That ye have virtues, that deserve renown!
Go, cherish them, and gain, what ye deserve!

Ryan.

Chloe's unknown Likeness.

In shape, in air, in face and voice
 The very ape of Chloe!
 Since I have fix'd for life my choice,
 'Tis well, I do not know ye.

Yet witness, Love, I own the power
 Of this ideal maid:
 So much my Chloe I adore,
 I bow me to her shade.

If idol-worship be a fault,
 Have mercy, Love, on me —
 Chloe's the goddess of my thought,
 Though Celia bows my knee.

Though the mock-sun amuse the sight,
 And more demand the view,
 We wonder at the mimic light,
 But only feel the true.

Forgive me, fair reflected shade,
 That I suppress this flame;
 Who can pursue th' ideal maid,
 Blest'd in the real dame?

Consult your mind, consult your glafs,
 Each charm of sense and youth!
 Then own, who changes, is an ass,
 Nor wonder at my truth.

S o n g.

Only tell her, that I love,
 Leave the rest to her and fate;
 Some kind planet from above
 May perhaps her pity move.
 Lovers on their stars must wait:
 Only tell her, that I love.

Why, oh, why should I despair?
 Mercy's pictur'd in her eye:

If she once vouchsafe to hear,
Welcome hope, and welcome fear!

She's too good, to let me die:
Why, oh, why should I despair?

Cutts.

Ode on the Breaking of a China-Quart-
mug, belonging to the Buttery of Lincoln-
college, Oxford.

Whene'er the cruel hand of death
Untimely stops a fav'rite's breath,
Muses in plaintive numbers tell,
How lov'd he liv'd — how mourn'd he fell. —
Catullus wail'd his sparrow's fate,
And Gray immortaliz'd his cat.
Thrice tuneful bards! could I but chime so clever,
My Quart, my honest Quart, should live for ever.

How weak is all a mortal's pow'r,
T'avert the death-devoted hour!
Nor can a shape or beauty save
From the sure conquest of the grave.

Invain^d the butler's choicest care,
 The master's wish, the barfar's pray'r!
 For when life's lengthen'd to its longest span,
 China itself must fall as well as man.

Can I forget, how oft my Quart
 Has sooth'd my care, and warm'd my heart?
 When barly lent its balmy aid,
 And all its liquid charms display'd,
 When orange and the nut-brown toast
 Swam mantling round the spicy coast,
 The pleasing depth I view'd with sparkling eyes,
 Nor envy'd Jove the nectar of the skies.

The side-board on that fatal day,
 When you in glitt'ring ruins lay,
 Mourn'd at thy loss. — In guggling tone
 Decanters poured out their moan —
 A dimness hung on ev'ry glass —
 Joe *) wonder'd, what the matter was.
 Corks self-contracted freed the frantic beer,
 And sympathizing tankards dropt a tear. —

*) The college-butler.

Where are the flow'ry wraths, that bound
 In rosy rings thy chaplets round?
 The azure stars, whose glitt'ring rays
 Promis'd a happier length of days?
 The trees, that on thy border grew,
 And blossom'd with eternal blue?
 Trees, stars and flow'rs are scatter'd on the floor,
 And all thy brittle beauties are no more. —

Had'st thou been form'd of coarser earth,
 Had Nottingham but giv'n thee birth,
 Or had the variegated fide
 Of Stafford's fable hue been dy'd,
 Thy stately fabric had been found,
 Tho' tables tumbled on the ground. —
 The finest mould the soonest will decay:
 Hear this, ye fair; for you yourselves are clay.

On seeing the Figure of Death in a
dream.

Avert, proud death, thy lifted spear,
Nor vaunt thee, king of terrors, here;
Shorn of thy first envenom'd sting,
Vain are all terrors, thou canst bring:
Smite, monster, smite, nor spare thy deepest wound!
From Jesse's root our sovereign balm is found.

When o'er the world's wide misery
Coeval darkness sway'd with thee,
Creation shrunk beneath thy frown,
And horror mark'd thy ebon-crown,
Those downcast kingdoms whelm'd in ruins lie,
Smote by the beaming day-spring from on high:

Tho', clad in vesture of affright,
Thou prowl'st beneath the pall of night,
Thy famish'd form doth quash alarm,
Unpoise that daring, strengthless arm,
Bow thy diminish'd head — stern tyrant, flee;
For thou art swallow'd up in victory.

Sweet mercy hath her triumph shown,
 Thy darken'd host of fear o'er-thrown:
 Now to behold thee, vanquish'd slave,
 No power's left beyond the grave. —
 We greet thee kind! — o wonderful friendship this!
 Welcome, good herald! — to announce our blifs,

Harington.

The Miser and the Mouse.

An Epigram from the Greek.

To a Mouse says a Miser, „my dear little Mouse,
 Pray, what may you please for to want in my house?“
 Says the Mouse, „Mr. Miser, pray, keep yourself
 quiet,

You are safe in your person, your purse and your
 diet:

A lodging I want, which even you may afford,
 But none would come here to beg, borrow, or
 board.“

To Bonny Brook.

Say, my Celinda, if thy soul divines,
What ardent purpose breathes the following lines.
Does not the lover and his verse proclaim
The idle message of a well-known flame?
Or has not yet the fair her power survey'd,
And in my conduct read the waste, she made?
(When smooth discretion from the helm with-drew,
And youth's unguarded follies blaz'd anew)
Mark'd the fond wish, and met the rising fires,
Something beyond what cool respect inspires,
Beyond the even pulse, that just admires?
Have I not lov'd in terms, more clear and strong,
Than all, I ever said, or ever sung?
Has the soft sigh no message to impart,
And love no language nearer to the heart?

In beauty's triumphs tho' we bow to you,
Some share of glory is our sex's due.
The nymph, for whom no well-bred lover fights,
No sword-knot quarrels, and no garter dyes,
That only learns the lightnings of her face
From the spread canvass or unconscious glass,
Just shares conditions with the cloyster'd fair,
Who waste an angel's bloom in work and prayer,
Whose useless eyes the dask of life forsake,

And only are employ'd, to weep and wake.
 'Tis yours, in soft engagements to excell:
 'Tis ours, to lend them life by suffering well,
 Embalm'd by vows, gay beauty never dies,
 And lovers' incense wafts it to the skies.

Yet let the fairest of her sex beware!
 Hear the soft whisper, but suspect the snare!
 Check the fond heart, that offers but to glow
 At the fool's incense or the coxcomb's vow,
 Lest sorrowing loves the fatal waste lament,
 And grudge the lavish beauties, they had lent!

Perhaps betray'd (forgive a lover's fears)
 To lace, to folly, impotence or years,
 Some tasteless rival shall those beauties bless,
 That never lov'd, like Damon, to excess.
 Invain for him has love those lustres shed,
 Weav'd the soft tresses, and the forehead spread,
 With gay delight enrich'd the damask cheek,
 And turn'd the column of the marble neck.
 He feels his bosom with no raptures swell,
 Nor hears the musick, which thy lips distill.
 To all, that wit and beauty can endear,
 Lifts the fool's eye, and turns the adder's ear.

Or oh! imagine, that thy false-one flies,
 To light forbidden fires at other eyes,
 Unaw'd by beauty, unrestrain'd by shame,

With guilty damsels shares a vulgar flame,
 Brings cold indifference to thy widow'd bed,
 And starves, where love has all his plenty spread:
 Then all too late (neglected, loath'd, betray'd,)
 To call the sex's softness to thy aid;
 Thine, nor thy sex's softness well can bear
 The curse of pity from the happier fair.
 Unmifs'd at balls, and at the ring forgot,
 Slow wasting nights and silent tears her lot,
 The scorn'd unnoted beauty blooms invain,
 And wants the last sad refuge to complain.

In such an hour — shall lost ideas join,
 And raise the image of a love, like mine?
 When cold reflexion lifts to fatal view,
 Whose heart you weep for, and whose bled for you,
 And the just scale, by pitying loves upborn,
 Weighs Damon's fondness with the husband's scorn,
 Then for that awful fear one sigh may break,
 Which check'd my passion, when I died to speak,
 One tear, in many dropt for his neglect,
 Chide the cold distance of my dumb respect:
 Then could thy wish, did vows permit, remove
 The fool of nature for the fool of love!

When age her hoary livery shall have spread,
 Those lilies faded, and those roses shed,
 Or, oh! more fatal yet! when forward care

Lays waste the bloom, that age would learn to spare,
 Then shall thy lover, whose unwearied eye
 Now thinks it rapture, but to gaze and sigh,
 Ask, where the thousand loves and graces hung,
 That shap'd his manners, and that smooth'd his song,
 Shall wonder, that his soul could e'er forget
 All, that the sober world calls grave or great,
 Ambition, business, books and friends disclaim,
 And, next to love, the best of passions, fame.

Taylor.

An Invocation to Poverty.

Oh, Poverty of pale consumptive hue!
 If thou delight'st, to haunt me still in view,
 If still thy presence must my steps attend,
 At least continue, as thou art — my friend!
 When Scotch example bids me be unjust,
 False to my word — or faithless to my trust,
 Bid me the baneful error quickly see,
 And shun the world, to find repose with thee!
 When vice to wealth would turn my partial eye,
 Or int'rest shut my ear to sorrow's cry,
 Or courtier's custom would my reason bend,

My foe to flatter, — or desert my friend,
Oppose, kind Poverty, thy temper'd shield,
And bear me off unvanquish'd from the field!

If giddy Fortune e'er return again
With all her idle, restless, wanton train,
Her magic glass should false Ambition hold,
Or Avarice bid me, put my trust in gold,
To my relief, thou virtuous goddess, haste,
And with thee bring thy daughters ever chaste,
Health, Liberty and Wisdom, sisters bright,
Whose charms can make the worst condition light,
Beneath the hardest fate the mind can cheer,
Can heal affliction — and disarm despair,
In chains, in torments pleasure can bequeath,
And dress in smiles the tyrant-hour of death!

For.

The Goat without a beard,

'Tis certain, that the modish passions
Descend among the croud, like fashions.
Excuse me then, if pride, conceit,

(The manners of the fair and great)
 I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
 Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies and hogs.
 I say, that these are proud. What then?
 I never said, they equal men.

A goat (as vain, as goat can be)
 Affected singularity.
 Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
 He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
 And then with fond attention stood,
 Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

I hate my frowzy beard, he cries:
 My youth is lost in this disguise.
 Did not the females know my vigour,
 Well might they lothe this rev'rend figure.
 Resolv'd, to smooth his shaggy face,
 He sought the barber of the place.
 A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
 Hard by profess'd the dapper art.
 His pole with pewter basons hung,
 Black rotten teeth in order strung,
 Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
 Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
 Did well his threefold trade explain,
 Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair.
Mouth, nose and cheek the lather hides:
Light, smooth and swift the razor glides.

I hope your custom, Sir, says pug,
Sure, never face was half so snug.

The goat impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws.

The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd:
Heighday! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand has robb'd your face?

When thus the fop with smiles of scorn:
Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.

Shall we, like formal capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?

Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are not we mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?

Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,
Replies a bearded chief. Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,

How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock, affected fool?

Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

Gay.

The Female-drum,
or the Origin of Cards, a tale, address'd to
the Honourable Miss Carpenter.

Thou, whom to counsel, is to praise,
With candor view these friendly lays,
Nor, from the vice of gaming free,
Believe, the satire points at thee,
Who truth and worth betimes canst prize,
Nor yet too sprightly, to be wise,
But hear this tale of ancient time,
Nor think it vain, though told in rhyme!

Elate with wide-extended pow'r,
Sworn rivals from the natal hour,
Av'rice and Sloth with hostile art

Contended long for woman's heart:
She fond of wealth, afraid of toil,
Still shifted the capricious smile:
By turns, to each the heart was sold,
Now bought with ease, and now with gold:
Scarce either grasp the sov' reign sway
When chance revers'd the prosp'rous day.
The doubtful strife was still renew'd,
Each baffled oft, but ne'er subdu'd.
When Av'rice shew'd the glitt'ring prize,
And hopes and fears began to rise,
Sloth shed on every busy sense
The gentle balm of indolence.
When Sloth had screen'd with artful night
The soft pavilion of delight,
Stern Av'rice with reproachful frown
Would scatter thorns amongst her down.

Thus each by turns the realm controul'd,
Which each in turn despair'd to hold:
At length unable to contend,
They join, to chuse a common friend,
To close in love the long debate,
Such love, as mutual fears create.
A friend they chose, a friend to both;

Of Av'rice born, and nurs'd by Sloth,
 An artful nymph, whose reign began,
 When Wisdom ceas'd, to dwell with man.
 In Wisdom's awful robes array'd,
 She rules o'er politics and trade,
 And, by the name of Cunning known,
 Makes wealth and fame and pow'r her own.

In quest of Cunning then they rove
 O'er all the windings of the grove,
 Where twining boughs their shade unite;
 For Cunning ever flies the light.
 At length through maze perplex'd with maze,
 Through tracts confus'd and private ways
 With sinking hearts and weary feet
 They gain their fav'rite's dark retreat:
 There, watchful at the gate, they find
 Suspicion with her eyes behind,
 And wild Alarm, awaking, blows
 The trump, that shakes the world's repose.

The guests, well known, salute the guard,
 The hundred gates are soon unbarr'd:
 Through half the gloomy cave they press,

And reach the wily queen's recess:
 The wily queen disturb'd they view
 With schemes to fly, though none pursue,
 And in perpetual care to hide,
 What none will ever seek, employ'd.
 „Great queen (they pray'd), our feuds compose,
 „And let us never more be foes!“
 „This hour (she cries) your discord ends:
 „Henceforth be Sloth and Av'rice friends!
 „Henceforth, with equal pride, prepare,
 „To rule at once the captive fair!“

Th'attentive pow'rs in silence heard,
 Nor utter'd, what they hop'd or fear'd,
 But search'd invain the dark decree;
 For Cunning loves obscurity:
 Nor would she soon her laws explain;
 For Cunnig ever joys to pain.

She then before their wond'ring eyes
 Bid piles of painted paper rise:
 „Search now these heaps, (she cries) here find
 „Fit emblem of your pow'r combin'd!“
 The heap to Av'rice first she gave,

Who soon descry'd her darling-knave,
 And Sloth, ere Envy long could sting,
 With joyful eyes beheld a king.

„These gifts (said Cunning) bear away,
 „Sure engines of despotic sway!
 „These charms dispense o'er all the ball,
 „Secure, to rule, where'er they fall!
 „The love of cards let Sloth infuse;
 „The love of money soon ensues:
 „The strong desire shall ne'er decay;
 „Who plays to win, shall win to play.
 „The breast, where love has plann'd his reign,
 „Shall burn, unquench'd, with lust of gain,
 „And all the charms, that wit can boast,
 „In dreams of better luck be lost.“

Thus, neither innocent, nor gay,
 The useless hours shall fleet away,
 While Time o'erlooks the trivial strife,
 And, scoffing, shakes the sands of life,
 Till the wan maid, whose early bloom

The vigils of quadrille consume,
Exhausted by the pangs of play,
To Sloth and Av'rice falls a prey.

O d e on the death of a young Lady.

O from thy kindred early torn,
And to thy grave untimely born,
Vanished for ever from my view,
Thou sister of my soul, adieu!

Fair! with my first ideas twined;
Thine image oft will meet my mind,
And while remembrance brings you near,
Affection sad will drop a tear.

How oft does sorrow bend the head,
Before we dwell among the dead!

Scarce in the years of manly prime,
I've often wept the wrecks of time.

What tragic tears bedew the eye!
What deaths we suffer, ere we die!
Our broken friendships we deplore,
And loves of youth, that are no more.

No after-friendship e'er can raise
Th' endearments of our early days,
And ne'er the heart such fondness prove,
As when it first began to love.

Logan.

Lines, copied from Mr. Pope's Hand-
writing on a scrap of paper.

But our great Turks in wit must reign alone,
And ill can bear a brother on the throne,
Can bear no living brother on the throne.

Wit has its bigots, who can bear no jest,
 Who, to be sav'd by one, must damn the rest:
 Wit is like faith by such warm tools profess.
 Wits starve, as useless to a common-weal,
 While fools have places, purely for their zeal.
 Some, who grow dull, religious straight commence,
 And gain in morals, what they lose in sense.
 Now wits gain praise by copying other wits,
 As one hog lives, on what another sh—.
 Would you your writings to some palates fit,
 Purge all your verses from the sin of wit;
 For authors now are so conceited grown,
 They praise no works, but what are like their own.

Pope.

Chloe resolved, a Ballad.

As Chloe on flowers reclin'd o'er the stream,
 She sigh'd to the breeze, and made Colin her theme:
 Though pleasant the stream, and though cooling the
 breeze,
 And the flowers though fragrant, she panted for ease.

The stream it was fickle, and hasted away,
 It kiss'd the sweet banks, but no longer could stay:
 Though beauteous, inconstant, and faithless, though
 fair,
 Ah! Colin, look in, and behold thyself there!

The breeze, that so sweet on its bosom did play,
 Now rose to a tempest, and darken'd the day:
 As sweet as the breeze, and as loud as the wind,
 Such Colin, when angry, and Colin, when kind.

The flowers, when gather'd, so beauteous and sweet,
 Now fade on her bosom, and die at her feet:
 So fair in their bloom, and so foul in decay,
 Such Colin, when present, and Colin away.

In rage and despair from the ground she arose;
 And from her the flowers so faded she throws:
 She weeps in the stream, and she sighs to the
 wind,
 And resolves, to drive Colin out of her mind.

But what her resolves, when her Colin appear'd?
 The stream it stood still, and no tempest was heard,
 The flowers recover'd their beautiful hue:
 She found, he was kind, and believ'd, he was
 true.

The End of the fifth Volume.

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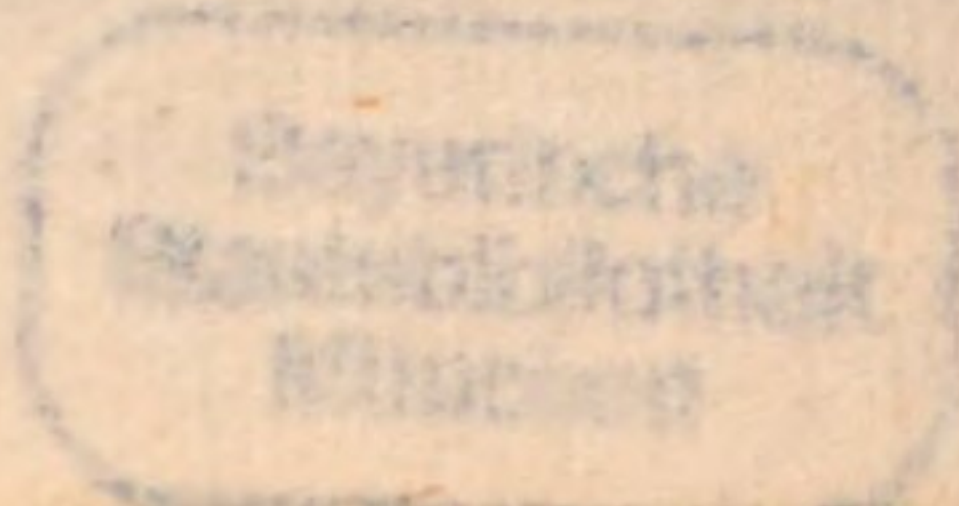
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